OREGON VOICE

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drippin' swagu since 1989

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EDITOR'S NOTE

How the fuck is it week seven? Dead week, finals, and winter break are just around the corner, and we at the Oregon Voice are nowhere near meeting our two-issues-a-term quota. Why didn't we get working on this issue over summer?

Maybe it's because we were too busy having fun. Trips to (or at) Cougar Hot Springs, dips in the mighty Willamette, and steamy summer flings took precedent over recruiting new staffers, pitching stories, and getting the ball of this issue rolling. While every issue of the Voice is a joy to create, we know how to separate work and play. Or to put it in terms of Cohen brothers-directed masterpiece *The Big Lebowski*, the Oregon Voice doesn't roll on shabbos.

Or maybe the Voice is so behind schedule because time's just not on our side. The OV staff (half of whom won't graduate on time) is supposed to meet at 6 p.m. every Thursday, but everyone knows to show up closer to 6:15. And despite gaining an hour from daylight savings, production night is as rushed as ever. If humor is all about timing, then I don't know how we do it.

Although this issue of Oregon Voice has no official theme (as per tradition for the first issue of the year), several of the stories in these pages are time-related. Lucy Ohlsen relives her summer punching in on Ronald McDonald's clock and hating life; C Murda publishes an excerpt from her novella-to-be about doing time in a Washington county jail; and Trace Cabot forecasts dark times ahead should any GOP candidate be elected president in 2012.

Another topic underlying this issue is the Eugene Experience. For those of you who are fresh to the UO, this issue will guide you to the best neighborhoods, drug fronts, microbreweries, professors, and hotties this town has to offer.

But the true backbone of this issue — and all issues of Oregon Voice, for that matter — is Beyoncé Knowles. The diva/goddess is indirectly responsible for every word in the magazine. Flip to our brand new Games page and give the Beyoncé Word Search a go, or check out the Respectrum for the latest B-Knowles gossip.

'Cause We Like to Party,

Noah D

OFFICIAL STUFF

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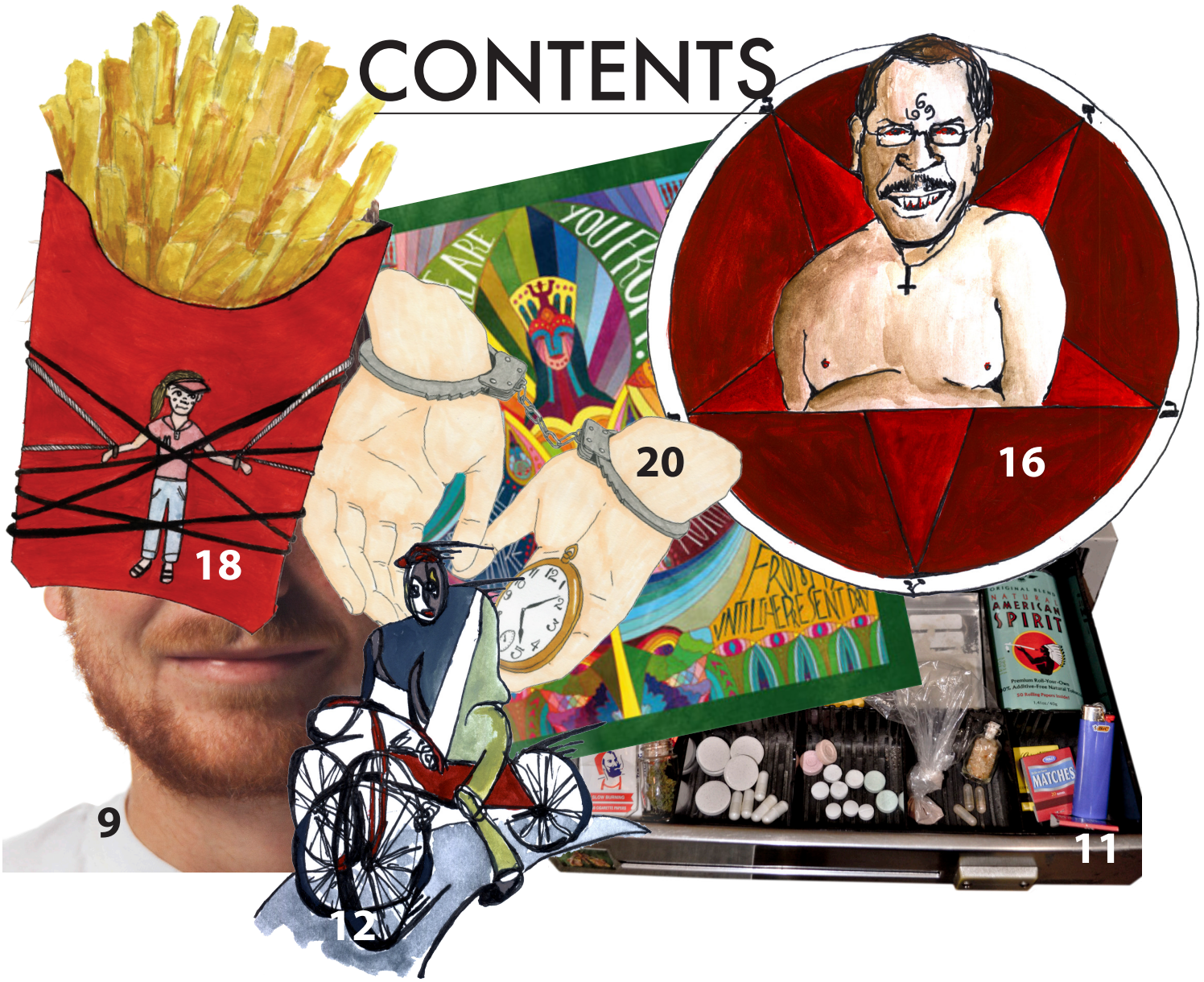

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PARTY POOPERS

words **MARY-KATE MORONEY**
art **JULIAN EARNEST**

Break it up! Party's over. But first, allow me to give a brief party-pooper history. In 2003, the city of Eugene passed a law banning any activity likely to attract more than 25 people in the downtown area. In December of that same year, the affected area was expanded to cover 80 blocks surrounding what was formerly known as "the downtown mall." This law makes things like unusually popular lemonade stands, publicly held book club meetings, 13 vs. 13 sports games, a class of 26 architecture students touring the downtown buildings, and of course your typical weekend rager absolutely illegal.

So what does that mean for us in 2011? With DPS and EPD shoving their flashlights and monkey batons up our assholes more than usual these days, it seems as though the 25-person rule is finally being implemented. Not that our parties haven't been getting busted for years, but last year's Welcome Weekend Riot seems to have really turned up the heat. In September the EPD sent out a notice to students informing them that during welcome weekend of this year, anyone in violation of behavioral crimes (e.g., "street parties involving intoxicated individuals," open alcohol containers, damage to property, prohibited noise) are subject, not to citation, but to cuffs 'n chains. My suggestion? Party on, UO students. In this day and age of lettin' the good times roll, it is imperative that we ban together, 25+ strong, and fight for our right to par-tay.

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT

words **ALEX MARGA**

It's been a long and hard five years. But now, things are changing. Soon we will no longer have to live without frozen bananas or rapping puppets named Franklin. Without a one-armed man scaring us half to death to teach us lessons or blue men who are afraid to take their shorts off. Without hooks for hands, analrapists, magicians, self-centered charity workers, super-super-SUPER seniors, jailbirds, very literal doctors, or incompetent lawyers. Without – well, we could probably do without Motherboy, but that's beside the point.

The world is going to be okay. Why? Because after five long years and probably the most debated cancellation in the last decade of television, *Arrested Development* is back for a fourth season and a feature-length movie.

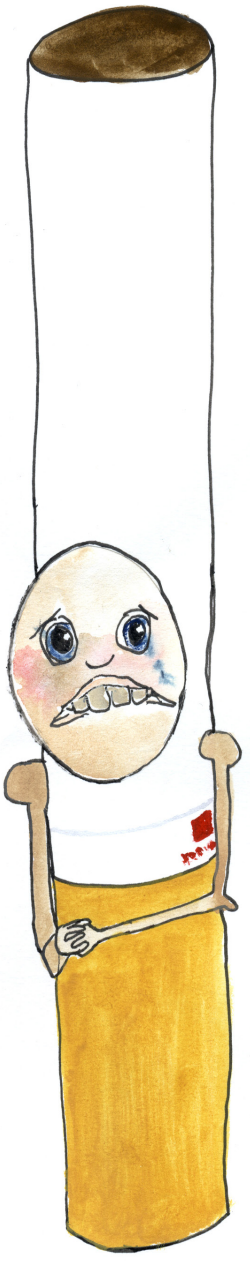
As the idea of an *Arrested Development* movie wandered in and out of the public eye for years, it was beginning to look grim to fans of the show. But at the New Yorker Conference in October, the cast and crew announced there will be a spinoff version of the series, featuring all of its characters and where they are now, leading into a full-length film. And what happened next? The internet exploded in joy.

While it's all good news, shooting for the new season doesn't start until next summer, according to the *Associated Press*. Until then, I'll be re-watching the show on Netflix, making some deliciously dangerous Cornballers, and waiting for life to begin again. STEVE HOLT!

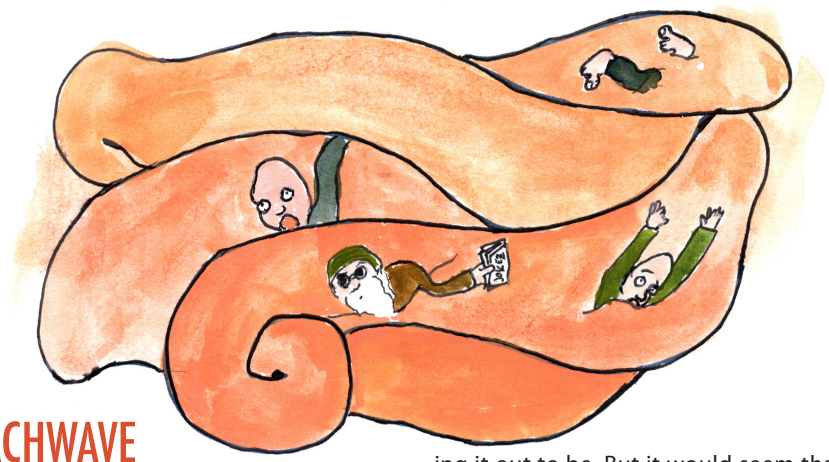
WTF STFU

words **SAIGE KOLPACK**

As most of you know campus is going smoke and tobacco free. To be honest, I don't really have much of an opinion on the matter. We all know it's not good for your health, and if people still want to smoke, it's their choice. What causes me to say "what the fuck" is the policy's advertising campaign. At first glance, it's kind of funny. Smoke and Tobacco Free University, STFU, shut the fuck up, I get it. But let's for a moment think beyond our small bubble of students and faculty. Custodians, construction workers, and other support staff are a major smoker demographic on campus. The message isn't "We're concerned for you and our campus' health." It's more like, "Get the fuck out."



As far as publicity methods go, it fails to meet several key criteria. Is it creative? Yeah, I guess. Does it get your attention? Yep. Is it informative (i.e., does it really tell you anything about the smoke and tobacco free campaign)? Not so much. And last, but certainly not least, does it give you a way to put the movement into action? Not even close. The health center is providing free nicotine patches for those willing to try and quit, but you don't see anything about that on the poster. Instead it says, "You smoke? You suck, and also you have no say in the matter, so shut the fuck up." The salt in the wound of this whole issue is that the ad was created by none other than our very own corporate uncle, Nike. Thanks Phil, that's really nice.



PEACHWAVE

words **MARGARET APPEL**

Think you can't access self-serve frozen yogurt from three different vendors within a one-block radius? Think again. In case you lost track, I'm here to remind you that there are now three competing frozen yogurt shops within eyeshot of 13th and Alder — and honestly, people, the madness has got to stop. While it was already disappointing enough to see yet another over-priced, out-of-place, practically windowless apartment building erected on 13th street, they had to throw another fucking frozen yogurt zone on the bottom floor of this latest "center for kids with loaded parents."

The new joint makes sense though, really, because it's nice to have atmospheric options when gearing up for a frozen yogurt date. While Yogurt Extreme's decorative genius gives off the space-age mental institution vibe, Peachwave offers the "I'm literally standing in an IKEA catalogue" appeal. And of course, if both of these options are unsatisfying, it is a simple hop/skip/jump to a third frozen yogurt source, the Campus Sub Shop (the original and most legit).

Among the many reasons why this new yogurt installment is incredibly pointless, perhaps the most important and obvious is the meteorological stupidity of the situation. As a fro-yo fiend myself, I understand the desire for the delicious treat, but not so much in the 53-degree drizzle that is guaranteed 9 months out of the year. While I love Oregon as much as any sap with a window decal, I will admit this area is not exactly the most fro-yo friendly — certainly not as friendly as 13th street is making it out to be. But it would seem that the owners and patrons of the latest yogurt installment really can't accept Oregon's incompatibility with frozen yogurt, and as a result we now have Peachwave to look at in frustration every time we're just trying to head to Dairy Queen for a Blizzard.

GATS ON CAMPUS

words **SCHUYLER DURHAM**

Perusing through emails concerning upcoming assignments and study abroad opportunities, students might have noticed an email from the UO administration that granted them some odd rights on campus. On September 30, the campus community was notified that the Oregon Court of Appeals overturned the Oregon University System rule that banned guns from university campuses. Apparently, only the state legislature is able to restrict gun rights because it is a constitutional issue. However, the rule has yet to be replaced with a law, despite the frustration expressed by universities.

The Oregon Firearms Educational Foundation, the lobbyists that moved to have the rule nullified in the first place, claims that they are protecting a student's right to self-defense. But it's hard to imagine any sort of situation on campus where the presence of a gun would increase safety. Short of a school day involving a museum heist of cinematic proportions, students and other members of the community probably don't need to be coming to lectures strapped to the teeth. The fact that this ruling comes during a discussion about putting guns in the hands of DPS officers does not bode well for those of us who generally try to avoid getting shot. Ultimately, our safety as students has been impaired due to a technicality that law officials wasted their time to call out, but not fix, to which I say, WHAT THE FUCK?

WTF J. Cole, you're 3,000 times lamer than Andre 3000. **WTF** chamber pots, when did you go out of style? **WTF** Adderall, I want you over the counter. **WTF** zipper, that's my penis! **WTF** Stacey, I don't even own ah gun, let alone many guns that would necessitate an entire rack. **WTF** am I gonna do with a gun rack?

"Dude, I'm so over trimming marijuana."

"I still just can't appreciate feet. I see them and it's just a fat joke."

"The only people with my birthday are Hillary Duff and Bam Margera."

"Man they gotta start making crazier shit for babies."

"Some people call me a raper, but you can call me the Salvadorean."

"Coffee plus Vivance plus two shots of Whiskey equals shitting a lot."

"If you're fucking someone they should at least be giving you Adderall I mean, its only 20 bucks a week."

THE SMOKING SHUTDOWN

Caspian Mediterranean Café bans smoking, dampens patio vibes.

words **C.W. KEATING**

After a long day of classes, there's nothing more relaxing than kicking back, ordering a breakfast pita and smoking on the Caspian patio with some friends. All that changed last fall when loyal, patio-smoking customers were greeted by a "No smoking, sorry" sign pasted on the restaurant's front doors, effectively barring a number of regular customers from smoking in the front of the establishment.

Caspian, a Mediterranean restaurant that's been in business for over 17 years, is a regular pit stop for many students. Besides the cheap food and eccentric company (Frog deals his joke books within earshot), Caspian is also known amongst students for its liberal smoking policy. So why exactly the need for a smoking ban?

"We've allowed smoking for 17 years up to this last fall, which was a city ordinance," manager Elhaam Yazdi says about the recent ban. Despite the restriction, Yazdi doesn't notice any significant changes. "We're kind of fortunate because we're by campus. It's not like, 'Oh I want to go to this restaurant but I can't, it's non-smoking,' because you're going to walk by, it's just so accessible to you. But we haven't really noticed much of change."

But there may be more to the story than Yazdi says.

According to an anonymous source, the University of Oregon recently purchased the buildings between Kincaid and Alder and currently acts as a landlord. This has resulted in university values being pushed on local businesses. No smoking on campus? No smoking at Caspian.

"The UO adopted this policy to protect students, faculty, staff and visitors from exposure to secondhand tobacco smoke," UO Vice President for Student Affairs Robin Holmes stated in an email to the campus community. "Our goal is to create a supportive environment for those tobacco users interested in quitting, and the UO is providing students, faculty and staff with support if they choose to stop using tobacco products before the policy change goes into effect next September."

The ban has been in the works since University of Oregon administration decided last year to implement a plan to end smoking on campus. This plan, which has taken the unfortunate acronym "STFU" (Smoke and Tobacco Free University), is set to take effect fall 2012. The ban has received no public mandate and has no cohesive enforcement plan.

This doesn't bode well for businesses that draw customers because of their liberal smoking policies. Not to mention the question of whether it's ethical to impose moral standards on businesses just because it "looks good" for the nearby university. The ban also fails to address the problem of smoking in the back of businesses. Despite these setbacks, the university has decided to go forward with "STFU," making the University of Oregon the only school in the Pac-12 to have this type of ban.

How will this affect our beloved Caspian? Yazdi doesn't see any reason for concern. "I might have noticed regular customers who come here and they like the smoking, so they don't come here anymore," she says, "but otherwise, no difference really."

At least we know our breakfast pitas are safe.

MAXIMUM ROCK & ROLL

words **JOSEPH DE SOSA**
art **IMOGEN BANKS**

Are you tired of Rolling Stone? Do you want a music magazine that doesn't feature an interview with Eddie Murphy as the feature in its latest issue? If you do, I know the magazine just for you. Its name is *MaximumRocknRoll*.

MRR began in 1977 as a radio show in the Bay Area, at a time when Bay Area punk bands like Dead Kennedys and Flipper were getting their starts. The radio show was ultra-popular, and in 1982 *MRR* magazine debuted as a music news insert in a compilation album by Alternative Tentacles (the label started by Jello Biafra, singer of the Dead Kennedys). Before his death in 2008, *MRR* founder Tim Yo would donate the magazine's profits to smaller start-up zines and DIY ventures, like the legendary 924 Gilman St. in Berkeley California.

Today *MaximumRocknRoll* stays true to its DIY roots. It is an independent, not-for-profit underground music magazine operated entirely by volunteers that publishes submission-based band interviews. *MRR* releases issues monthly. Check it out at **MaximumRocknRoll.com**.

BOMB-ASS MEALS

Eugene Food Not Bombs hooks it up fat — for the community.

words **COLETTE LEVESQUE**
art **IMOGEN BANKS**

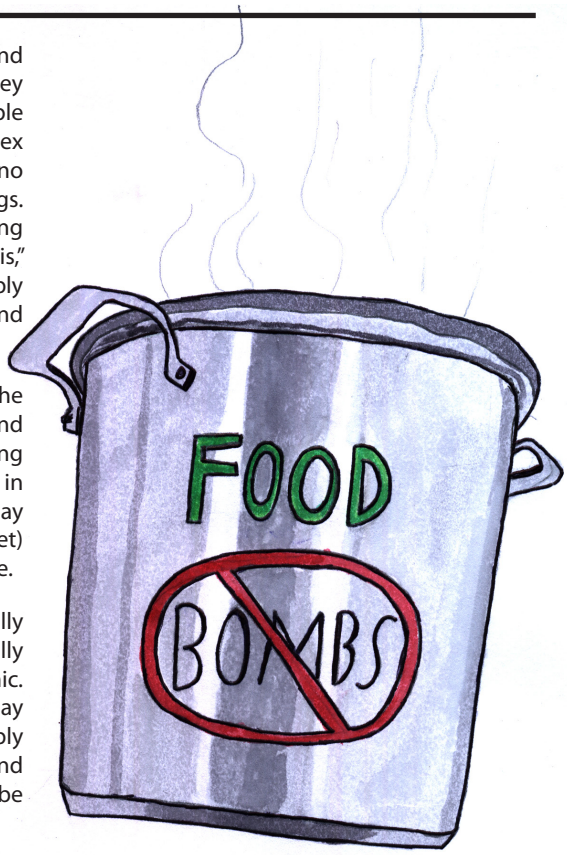
At 2 p.m. every Friday, UO students Paige Corich-Kleim, Thomas Walker, and Joe McFadden cruise to the Park Blocks at 8th Avenue and Oak Street with a bike trailer full of donated delicious food. They lay all the food out on a table and hang for a few hours handing it out for free. This is Food Not Bombs (FNB) – a grassroots movement that protests war and corporate control, while focusing on the creation of peace through the free redistribution of food. If you are looking to get involved in something that will sound amazing on your resume, beef up your statuses on Facebook, or impress that cute vegan girl in your Philosophy of Love and Sex class, then you should probably check out FNB.

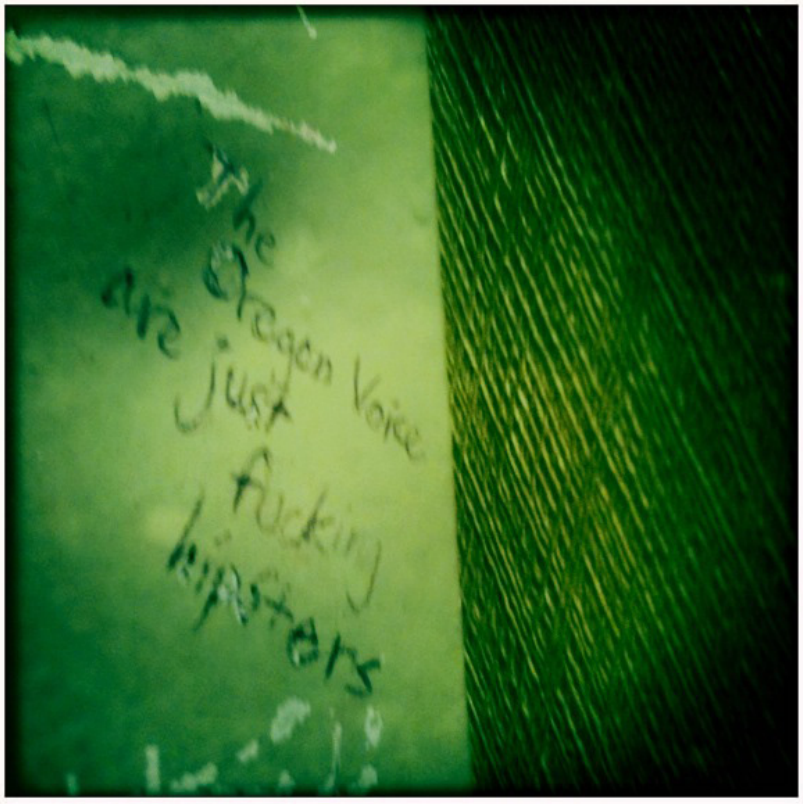
The organization was started in 1980, by an anti-nuclear activist who wanted to promote nonviolent social change. The belief that drives FNB is that if governments and corporations spent as much time and money on meeting the basic needs of the people as they do on our growing military complex then no one would go hungry. FNB has no formal leader; there are no national meetings. It is simply people in the community helping others. "Any group that says they are FNB is," Corich-Kleim said. "You don't need to apply for anything or jump through hoops, and anyone can become involved."

If you want an amazing free meal, come. The food is great, the people are even better, and the community atmosphere is something remarkable. However, if you're interested in doing more than that, FNB meets every Friday at noon at the Lorax Manor (1648 Alder Street) to prepare the meal and anyone is welcome.

Now you're thinking, Damn, this could really be an awesome first date. She may totally dig FNB. A word of advice — don't panic. You can now have remarkable things to say about social revolution and humanity; simply practice with your roommate till you sound well-rounded and wholesome. Then maybe she'll go out with you. Maybe.

Hit them up at:
eugenefoodnotbombs@gmail.com.





To the artist responsible for this breathtaking bathroom masterpiece:

Oregon Voice hopes you enjoy the hipstamatic filter used to snap this photo of your work. We embrace your accusation, as it is no longer a loaded term but loosely overused to describe anyone who isn't a square. Being that we are "fucking hipsters" in the most supreme sense of the word, we're well aware of the Espresso Roma clientele: 100 percent hipsters, 100 percent of the time—bathroom using graffiti artists (or bitter Commentators) included. But enough about us, let's talk about you: we pity you.

Hugs,

Oregon Voice

RENOVATORS! MOUNT UP.

Students to vote on funding for EMU/SRC renovation

words **BEN STONE**

A few weeks ago, I rolled through the musty hallways of the EMU to one of the first public info sessions on an upcoming campus referendum. On Nov. 14 through 17, UO students will be able to vote on whether present and future students should pay an extra $100 per term for the next 40 years in order to fund construction on the EMU and the Student Recreation Center. Whoa. So I got busy on some of the cookies and punch they put out and sat down with a bunch of students and leaders of the renovation campaign, including Vice President of Student Affairs Robin Holmes. After an hour of surprisingly fiery dialogue between concerned students and Holmes' camp, several main ideas were thrown down.

First, the EMU is a wack building. It is not the unifying hub of campus activity that it should be, partly because it is not unified architecturally. It is disjointed as a result of different renovations over the years, and is too small to handle all the fresh business that people are doing there these days. The renovations would increase student organizational space and overall EMU space by 20 to 30 percent, as well as place office spaces closer to the street. The plan will also include a new concert hall, more eateries, a movie space, a pub (chiller connotations than bar?), and new exercise facilities in the SRC.

Strangely, there's not too much more information to reveal about the proposed changes, which we will be asked to approve this month. According to Holmes, it is important that we "agree on principles" in regards to the design. She means that if you care about sustainability, allocation of student offices, or other issues relating to the design of the EMU, you should start going to the meetings dedicated to this project and speak up.

If the referendum is denied, the leaders of this project will likely wait for a bit and try the referendum again, Holmes said. This project appears inevitable, so we might as well make sure the design actually fits student needs.

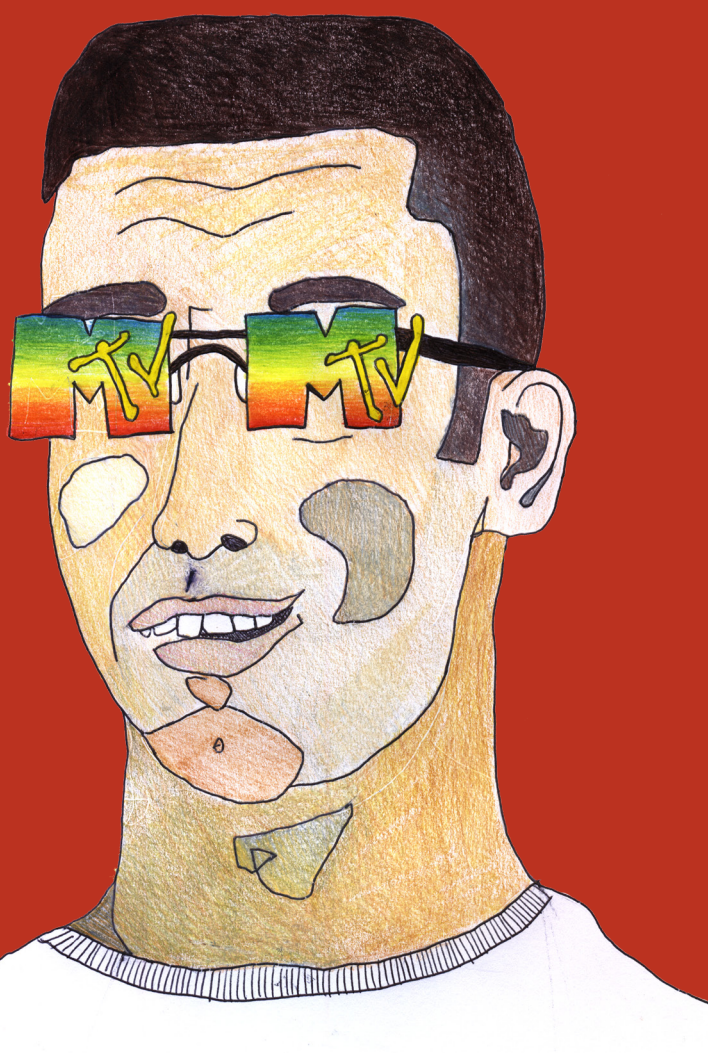
If you are interested in the future of these buildings, go to **http://pages.uoregon.edu/mbill/EMU/EMU.html** to see upcoming meeting times. For more specifics on this project, go to **http://referendum.uoregon.edu**.

DAN SAVAGE CUMS TO THE UO

words **MARY-KATE MORONEY**
art **IMOGEN BANKS**

"Don't waste time sucking your thumb when you could be out having your fun," Dan Savage offered to a packed audience of UO students on November 1. The Ford Alumni Center echoed with the questions of sexually concerned young adults ranging from "What's the status quo for female pubic hair?" to "Sex with unicorns: magical?" To the latter, Savage casually responded, "Yes," and moved on to the next question. Despite a brief interruption by a glitter-throwing Savage-hater sweeping the stage and shouting something about transphobia, the Q&A with the acclaimed sex advice columnist had students nodding in agreement between prolonged effusions of laughter. Individuals of all sexual orientations were in attendance, each equipped with questions about how to please, how to tease, and how not to queef.

Savage, whose column "Savage Love" is featured in *Eugene Weekly*, recently toured 12 universities around the country for a new late-night MTV show titled "Savage U." How this exhibit fits under the "Music Television" agenda remains a mystery, but viewers can count on being entertained at the very least. So, Mr. Savage, my boyfriend is okay with my vaginal farts, but how do I make them stop? "Well, if *he* doesn't care," Savage replied, "I would simply advise you to count your blessings, and your queefs."



DEAR GINGERBEARD

Submit questions for Gingerbeard to oregonvoice@gmail.com. For emergencies, contact the Dear Gingerbeard 24-hour crisis hotline: (405) 205-5409.

wisdom **PARKER MULLINS**
photo **COURTNEY HENDRICKS**

Dear Gingerbeard…

Why are men so dependent on internet porn? Or… on porn in general?

Sincerely,
Why He Yankin'?

Though I am not sure if this was your original intent, WHY, your carefully placed ellipses lead me to break it down by category of pornography outlet — this will better aid you in your 'pornderings.'

The first type of porno-dependant enjoys himself through the classic magazine. Don't get me wrong. Paper smut of today hardly resembles the vintage Playboys of old, which targeted the Don Drapers of the world with tasteful cigarette ads and stylishly hidden lower regions. However, modern dirty mag lovers still relish in peeling back that black plastic wrap to reveal the gloss-printed booties within. Whether it's the throwback factor or the transportability that draws them, this form is reserved for the meticulous "professional" in the world of self-pleasure, and to a large degree it's pride that drives dependency. And horniness.

DVDs are another story entirely. These puppies are expensive, running as much as 40 bones at your local mall's Suncoast. Indulgers of this type generally fall into the categories "lonely, sweaty businessman," "Dad who shares the family DELL," or "porno aficionado/film critic." What this entire caste of viewers share is a special pornographic darkness, hinging on forgetting an awesomely lame existence. On a side note, VHS porn viewers are out there. They resemble vinyl snobs in their quickness to scoff at your Pamela DVD because it "doesn't have that scratchy sound."

Finally, to answer the initial question — internet porn: You know, homie, sometimes fools just gotta get dat nut.

What's preferable in girls, makeup or no makeup?

-Frustrated About Cosmetic Expectations

It can be increasingly frustrating when this question is too easily boiled down to So-Cal Beezies vs. Granola-Birk Earthies. In reality it's much more situational. I do have a final and definite answer, but first the analysis:

It's wrong to cast off the makeup lovers too soon, calling them fake or accusing them of fueling the rape and pillage of Gaia's cute and fluffy animals. It's a matter of quality over quantity — keep it tasteful, and things won't go awry. For example, pushing the limits can be edgy, but the second that something like white lip gloss is thrown in the mix, deal's off, beezy. Just like the two girls affectionately and aptly deemed "the jizz lips twins" throughout my middle and high school careers, an overly made-up you is destined for persistent berating and semen jokes.

I find that no makeup on the whole is a pretty chill move. Ladies who realize they have a pretty face without additives are generally right for the most part, therefore negating the possibility that whatever is on their face is bothersome. Also, I feel that Drake's "You Da Best" really speaks to me and many other men on this issue: "Sweat pants, hair tied, chillin' with no makeup on. That's when you the prettiest." Ultimately, FACE, makeup is professional, understandable, enjoyable, and chill a great deal of time, but Drake knows where the true love at.

I like this boy (a ginger too) and we have been having a thing for a while and I'm ready to commit. How should I do this?

-Been Fucking Ginger Frequently

In light of your predicament, it's vital that the application of ginger-specific tips comes into play. First of all you need to understand that "committing" to anything is hardly instantaneous, especially in such a delicate and complicated matter as a "thing." I suggest continuing with the current procedure, yet gradually adding a more romantic edge to the relationship. Start providing more one-on-one opportunities, avoiding long exposure to the sun at all costs. However, nothing throws a firecrotch more deeply in love than the sensual application of Bullfrog brand sunscreen at a picnic. If you keep playing your cards right, using the charm that has already brought you this far, the "thing" to "commitment" transition will complete without you even knowing. It certainly sounds like your heart's in the right gingery place, BFGF. But beware: He may have an enormous, loud, alcoholic (Catholic) family with parents using wine and hummus to cope with the stress of having ten or more red-headed beast-children.

MAN VS. APARTMENT

A survival guide to living alone.

words **TROY BRYNELSON**
art **LISA INOUE**

Living alone is actually not so bad. It can be an intimidating thought at first; there's no one at home to kick it with between classes, no one to split the bills with, and it can be hostile to both the psyche and the wallet. For twentysomethings it's not very practical, but plenty of us do it anyway — for different reasons, most of which are dark lies to hide our shame — and I've been living alone for a couple of months now. According to a statistic I'm about to make up, 70 percent of people will live alone at some point their lives, and 60 percent of those people will hate the shit out of it.

Furnishing:

After thinking *this sucks*, my first thought was *do I have enough Shit to fill my own apartment*? The answer is no. For a bedroom, yes. But my past living rooms and kitchens were usually divvied between roommates. Start scoping Craigslist for cheap coffee tables, bookshelves, TV stands, etc. Or don't. I built a bookshelf out of Cup Noodles and it works fine. Another option is going to city liquidators, who are usually flipping Craigslist items anyway. The ASUO Street Fair on campus is a good place to cop rugs and posters for your walls, too.

Entertainment:

Rent is usually higher living by yourself, so all your activities should feel like you're paying a subscription fee to do them alone. Are you paying an extra $100 a month just to beat it in peace? Probably. But the Comcast bill is suddenly $60 a month for just the basic networks and C-SPAN when it was $40 last year for cable and Starz. Luckily if you know a friend with a Netflix account, you can stream it through your computer or gaming device. The same goes for other streaming sites like Hulu Plus or HBO Go. Get all three and you're cooking with grease.

Safety:

In matters of safety, I've developed a simple two-step system to ensure the well-being of myself and my belongings (it's similar to Stone Cold's DTA, if you're familiar with his work). Step one: Understand the power and weight of trusting another human being. Step two: Disregard that shit. Don't trust anybody. Make the *chgh-chgh* shotgun sounds with your mouth when people walk by your door.

All in all, make the most out of your time. Living by yourself isn't inherently bad, and with no roommate to consider, you're solely responsible for your environment. Whether you adopt the space as a quiet study or just a base camp is entirely up to you. If you're like me though, staying on top of the dishes and laundry will help staying on top of the homework and other outside work. It was easy to do that when you shared a space with roommates, but alone those dishes can stack up quick. Pretty soon you'll only have a snow-angel of clean space surrounded by a foot of garbage. Stay on top of it. The sooner you get all that shit done the sooner you can get out and kick it around town.

WOULD YOU LIKE PCP WITH THAT?

Eugene's possible drug fronts exposed.

words **MARGARET APPEL**
photo **COLETTE LEVESQUE**

I Love Rocks

The most obvious implication that this establishment could be slangin' something on the side is, of course, the name. As you cruise past the magic-markered sign in the front yard of the small shack that is "I Love Rocks," you might be a little sketched out, and appropriately so. Like most small businesses in Eugene, there is a weird guy running the show and no one else in the room besides you alone. There are definitely a lot of fucking rocks in this place, as there are probably a lot of "special" rocks in the back room.

McMenamin's

The next time you're sitting in this overly-dim restaurant cramming Cajun tots down your gullet and you see your melancholic server approaching in a pair of basketball shorts, take a look around at the rest of them. There is something about the servers at McMenamin's…they're kind of tired looking, perhaps as though they think the world around them does not exist, a little bummed out. Did I say bummed out? I meant strung out — McMenamin's, heroin pushers, definitely.

Mini Pet Mart

Mini Pet Mart is full of surprises; there are absolutely no pets (or mini pets), and there is a vast assortment of cheap cigarettes. As you stroll the aisles to pick up a sack of gerbil food for your one and only friend and notice the wall of cigs behind the counter, you may ask yourself, is there more going on here than meets the eye? Probably, but MPM keeps a pretty low profile, and of all the drug fronts out there, the pet industry is probably the coolest avenue for hustlin' — Oregon Voice Salutes you.

Silver Screen Video

Hidden beneath the trees at 24th Avenue and Agate Street lies a video store you will never enter, unless you're looking to "rent" some "videos." The magic of Silver Screen is that it somehow manages to remain in business despite never having any customers, and it's not really even visible — but perhaps that's the idea. Next time you're looking to score, head to Silver Screen and ask for a copy of "*White Squall*." You won't be disappointed.

Lazaar's Bazaar

Duh…

Sundance Natural Foods

Sundance — aren't they great? Humble little hippie co-op, the epicenter of Eugene vibes. Of course the booming granola sales are what allow Sundance to thrive, but judging by the sheer amount of yuppie-stoner dads occupying that store at one time, I think it's safe to say there's a lot of the magic plant moving around.

Fire 'n' Spice Grill

It's hard out here for a campus restaurant to slang on the side, what with the rigid rules and regulations hammered into every on-campus food service worker (my God, the sadness in their eyes). However, I think if any dorm food supplier is capable of giving the students what they really need, it's the one that is entirely run by ex-cons.

Eugene Jeans

Mmmm, I can smell the must now. Eugene Jeans is suspicious in the sense that nothing ever changes here — no one really buys anything, and there are *never* any new clothes on the racks, and still… it survives. And, if you've ever had a long, drawn-out conversation with owner/musician Tim (basically, if you've ever stepped foot inside), you know that this could easily be a great place to pick up some LSD. Or maybe some roofies…

Estate-Like Sale

Approaching the forever-ongoing "estate-like sale" that exists on the corner of 13th and Charnelton, shit gets real once you hit the mess of over-priced, stolen bicycles in the front yard. Walking through the inside is kind of like a bad mushroom trip in itself, and the woman running the show is the epitome of the frighteningly over-talkative Eugene business owner — a classic drug front red flag. The sale is really just a bunch of old shit lying around, and it is perfectly possible that drugs could be found within the dust-ridden nooks and crannies of this crap collection, or perhaps inside the hair of the "manager."

EUGENE HOODS

Get the fuck off campus.

art **ALLISON FONDER**

words **NOAH PORTER**

1 A radioactive nucleus for student living, the generally accepted boundaries for "campus area" stretch from Kincaid to Pearl Street, between 13th and 18th Avenue. An emerald city of factory-issue condominiums intermittently sprinkled with abandoned high-heels, the dream of Seth from Superbad is alive and well in this five-block radius. For those who wish to become better acquainted with their fellow students, an over-crowded apartment party can be a great place to rub shoulders, chests and buttocks with the best and the brightest that the Sociology department has to offer. Most recently, the "campus area" has become something of a cultural hub for Eugene's up-and-coming frozen yogurt scene.

words **SAMUEL TEPE**

2 To answer your question, yes, the Friendly neighborhood is a friendly neighborhood indeed. Quaint and cute are qualities of this neck of the woods. Home to many happy students and families, the Friendly embraces many positive qualities of Eugene. The intersection of 24th Avenue and Friendly Street is the community's core. On the north side of this crossroads you will find a handful of local businesses including a gourmet teahouse, a park, a potter, two different acupuncturists, a natural grocer, and a new organic food stand named "Party Cart." Cruise on over for an exploration of sorts, and you will be happy with what you see.

words **MARGARET APPEL**

3 Three words: Long's. Meat. Market. The Southtowne hood doesn't really need anything else to qualify it as the fillet of Eugene, and yet still it gives you so much more. Take the Amazon bike path out to these parts and enjoy a peaceful stroll through the likes of southern High, Mill, and Ferry Streets, while the hustle and bustle of Willamette remains just inches away. Our nearest laundromat comes equipped with pool table and attractive hipsters, and you can always end your night at the seedy dive that never disappoints — Mulligan's pub. Barry's Espresso can be enjoyed without the long line, and if the nearby 7-11 Redbox doesn't have that romantic comedy you're looking for, the neighboring McDonald's Redbox probably does. Southtowne? Swagtowne.

words **BEN FICKLIN**

4 The trees are the most remarkable feature of Jefferson Westside. They loom over the neighborhood, hiding it in a shadow from the rest of the city. These elderly trees make the blocks from 7th Avenue South to 18th Avenue seem older than the rest of Eugene. For those who live here, the neighborhood is a treasure. Largely residential, the few businesses that operate in Jeff West are charming. Sweet Life Bakery makes all sorts of confections that taste like love, New Frontier Market is open until midnight, and the hole-in-the-wall Mi Tierra makes one of the better burritos in town. But like I said, the lawn-grown fruit trees and towering oaks are where Jeff West exudes its magic. Stroll through the tumbling leaves of Monroe Park on a misty night and check out the enchanted trees yourself.

words **EDDIE BOND**

5 The Whiteaker is among the most vibrant and interesting neighborhoods in Eugene. The Whiteaker is the parents who walk down the street while their children run ahead barefoot. The Whiteaker is the man on the street corner selling newspapers to buy his bread. The Whiteaker is music and the venues like Sam Bond's Garage that support the local acts. The Whiteaker is wild graffiti and colorful murals and the artists who create all night and day. The Whiteaker is a stray cat wandering down an alleyway, a conversation on the street corner with a stranger, and the smell of fresh hops from the Ninkasi Brewery floating through the air. The Whiteaker is 6th Street north to the river and east from Skinner's Butte to Chambers Street. The Whiteaker is a breath of fresh air; an energetic, creative neighborhood with a strong sense of community.

Bike Routes

Groovy Bicycle Adventures to Escape the Crazy Campus Scene!

words **EDDIE BOND**

Searching for a fun way to escape the craziness on campus? Then lube your chain, pump your tires, and try one of these awesome bike rides!

The Hendricks Park Loop:

Roll to the corner of 19th Avenue and Agate Street. From here travel south on Agate, past Panda Park, and turn left on Fairmount Boulevard. Follow the hill up to the right and keep left at both forks. Hendricks Park is at the top of the hill. Cruise through the park, catch your breath, admire the trees, and turn right after the parking lot onto Floral Hill Drive. The area east of Hendricks Park is beautiful and the ride down Floral Hill is a perfect time to enjoy the view. Emerge onto Riverview Street, follow this until Sylvan Street and then turn left. Sylvan morphs into the sidewalk that will whisk you back to campus.

The Water Tower or College Hill:

An enormous block of concrete rests on top of College Hill. EWEB says it is a water reservoir, but in order to investigate for yourself, ride west on 17th Avenue and turn left on Lincoln Street. The reservoir is up Lincoln just past 23rd Avenue on the right. It's an excellent spot to watch the sunset with that special friend, or a spliff.

art **JULIAN EARNEST**

PUB CRAWL

photos **COLETTE LEVESQUE**

The third annual **OREGON VOICE** Pub Crawl was a success in that we all got extremely faded. It was a failure in that we made it to only five of the 10 bars that we set out to review.

RENNIE'S LANDING
words **NOAH DEWITT**

By a twist of fate, the first bar of our journey, Rennie's Landing, happened to be hosting a release party for our rivals, *Ethos Magazine*, the sore losers of last year's OV vs. Ethos Dance Off. I decided to wear my dancing shoes just in case things got out of hand. But with an expansive upstairs, two full bars, and ample outdoor seating, there proved to be enough room for both magazines. While the Ethos bunch networked amongst themselves, we Voice Dawgs knocked back draft pints of stout, PBRs, and whiskey gingers in the cozy yellow comfort of the tavern's upstairs. If you're looking to unwind after an un-fun day of classes, but aren't in the mood to get hit on at Taylor's or Max's, Rennie's is a safe bet.

JOHN HENRY'S
words **MARGARET APPEL**

John Henry's began in 1992, and it went strong for several years with an 80's night that just wouldn't quit. However, it would seem that that the clientele occupying the bar in 1992 haven't really moved on, increasing sleaziness levels and therefore decreasing overall desirability. But if you and your gang have the right attitude and not a trace of sobriety (seriously), I would certainly recommend stumbling in on a Thursday '80s night, even if only to laugh at the freaks. The checkerboard dance floor is inviting, although the stage appears to be reserved for recent

divorcees. For some reason there are fixed-gear bikes hanging above the bar, perhaps a desperate attempt to attract customers who are in good enough shape to even ride a bike, but really they're just a decorative mystery. Henry's usually has cheap well drinks and PBR, but perhaps this is because they're making money off of the $3 cover charge that always seems to be happening. Overall, this bar is just really gross, there's no denying that — but somewhere in the sea of camel toes and strange powders circulating around John Henry's, there is a lingering charm that not even the sweatiest creeps can destroy.

MAX'S
words **NOAH PORTER**

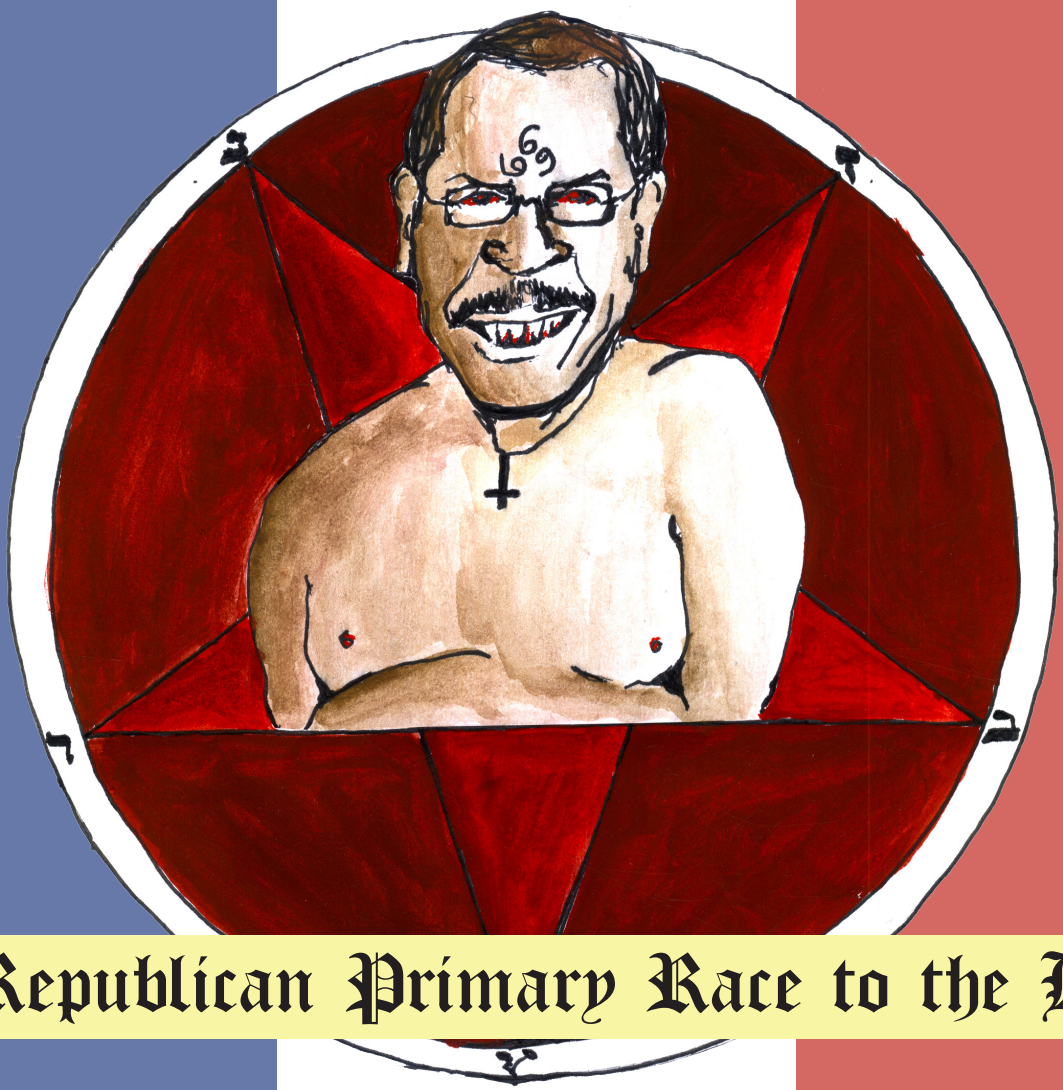
Fabled to be the real-world inspiration for the Springfield home-away-from-home that is Moe's Tavern, Max's serves as the end-of-the-night watering hole for many of the university's date rapists and popcorn enthusiasts. Pretzel and peanut fans may also find themselves amongst good company here. Really, the snacks are all that this bar has going for it. PBRs are $2.75 (bonus). The closing-time table dancing would be cool if the playlist wasn't limited to over-exhausted Motown hits and jock jams. But... it's hard to resist Max's drunken charm when the whole bar is singing "Piano Man." Ironically, there usually is *an old man sitting next to you making love to his tonic and gin* at Max's. And he will stare at you.

DIABLO'S DOWNTOWN LOUNGE
words **PARKER MULLINS**

The post-Max's decision for the crawl's next boozing station was a wildcard. The upstairs portion presents the opportunity to hang out in perhaps the largest covered back patio in the Eugene circuit. Yeah, bigger than Roma. In general, it's more desirable as well seeing as you can smoke cigarettes and get heavily intoxicated without having to worry about pastry bakers kicking out your drunk ass. However, the upstairs portion is nothing compared to the seedy dance scene underworld that lies beneath. Diablo's, in the basement, offered to the Voice a beautiful display of $3.50 LIIT's, booties in motion, and more heavy-duty beam equipment than a strip-mall Lazer Tag chain. This stop remained my favorite throughout the night, leaving subsequent bars feeling like a slow trek through an MDMA comedown.

HORSEHEAD
words **COLETTE LEVESQUE**

There are only two ways to attend Horsehead. The first is at the beginning of your night, when a cheap, precious Blue Ribbon or a simple well drink sounds sufficient. This should be relaxing if you've beaten the rush. The other way to attend Horsehead – and my personal favorite – is totally wasted at the end of the night, when you have zero cares to give and are in dire need of super dank fries, of either the French or Freedom variety, at a reasonable price. Lost in the Barmuda Triangle and nearing the end of an epic night, the OV staffers and I devoured somewhere between three and 10 baskets. From what I can remember, I took a bite of those savory fries and proceeded to ponder if the feeling in my gut was more comparable to love making or to winning the lottery. I settled on it being just about equivalent to the Immaculate Conception. That said, I would not suggest Horsehead half-way through your night when you are a little tipsy and all you really want to do is dance your heart out while avoiding pool-playing douche bags.



2012 Republican Primary Race to the Bottom

WHOEVER WINS, WE LOSE

words **TRACE CABOT**
art **JULIAN EARNEST**

Due to the lack of coverage of the 2012 Presidential Primary in both the *Student Insurgent*, the explicitly political student magazine of the left, and the *Oregon Commentator*, the University's magazine for sex offenders, the Oregon Voice has enlisted writer and masochist Trace Cabot to fill you in on who to be terrified of in 2012.

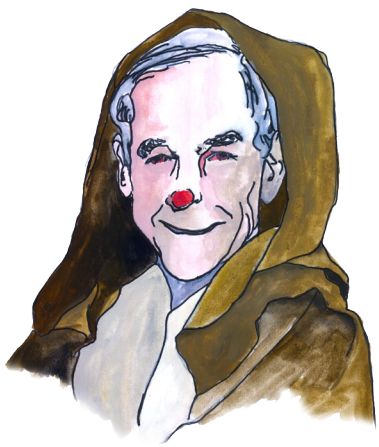
Herman Cain was rocketed to the Presidential forefront after winning the coveted position of GOP Token Black Guy, taking over from his predecessor Michael Steele with an energy unseen since Clarence 'Uncle' Thomas delighted Republicans with his victorious claim that he was "watching the destruction of [his] race" while serving as the Reagan Administration's Assistant Secretary of Education. In spite of his early successes and popularity on **FreeRepublic.com** — the most popular place on the internet for conservatives to share tips on keeping their powder dry for Civil War II once the Democrats usher in the New World Order through fluoridated water and/or an army of ACORN/New Black Panther/SEIU thugs — Cain has come under fire from other Republicans for his 9-9-9 flat tax plan. Michelle Bachmann, through rigorous Biblical scholarship and forensic reconstructions, has revealed that the plan is actually 6-6-6 upside-down. Is Herman Cain the Antichrist? If elected, will he be sworn in on the Antibible and make the sky rain blood while issuing an executive order banning Jesus, WalMart, and Truck Nuts, the three pillars that hold up our great society? Was this seriously discussed in the national elections for the most powerful position in the world? My money's on "No," "No," and "I cry myself to sleep every night."

Michelle Bachmann gained traction amongst Tea Party supporters after heroically calling for congress to root out journalists who aren't pro-America, because if you aren't pro-America, you're probably a Communist, or even worse, a Muslim. Bachmann further connected to the Tea Party base by signing a pledge declaring that African American children were raised in better family structures during slavery than under the Obama Administration. When African-American leaders began to voice their concern over Bachmann's statement, she fired back that she "believe[s] that slavery was horrible and economic enslavement is also horrible," a move applauded by Republicans who know that it ain't easy being a rich white person suffering under the whip of a Democratic administration that has punished businessmen by… uhh…

Buddy Roemer is best known for inspiring millions of Republicans with his true underdog story of rising from humble

beginnings in a rich white family only to enter, against all odds, into his father's computer company and become marginally richer (and quite possibly whiter). A true testament to the strength of Republican ideology, Buddy is like a conservative Little Engine That Could, if the Little Engine had a coke habit in his youth and ran on the blood of the poor.

Jon Huntsman holds the interesting distinction of being the most boring man with a pulse to ever run in a Republican Primary, apparently endeavoring to physically embody the banality of evil or serve as a worthy successor to Ronald Reagan's corpse. Often described as a "center-right" Republican due to his tendency to voice his own discomfort at the policies he supports, Huntsman's cognitive dissonance makes him a top choice for people who love voting but hate having convictions.



Ron Paul, noted Constitution expert and OBGYN, wants to Audit the Fed, End the War, Legalize It, and remind us, as he did in a 1992 newsletter, that "We don't think a child of 13 should be held responsible as a man of 23. That's true for most people, but black males age 13 who have been raised on the streets and who have joined criminal gangs are as big, strong, tough, scary and culpable as any adult and should be treated as such." Ron Paul remembers a better, simpler time, when the poor were starving in the street, but without the weight of statism holding them down with things like food, shelter, and a job where they aren't inhaling toxic fumes and/or falling into a giant meat grinder. A time when men could wear a white hood and robes without shame, drink all of the colloidal silver they could barter for with precious, precious gold, and marry as many children as they desire. Paul has the backing of the influential World of Warcraft player and white suburban stoner demographics of the Republican Party, two key constituencies that will surely guarantee him a victory. Failing that, maybe he could endorse another Libertarian candidate in the primary who supports the right of kids to participate in pornography or, if the poker player voting bloc manages to secure the Libertarian ticket from the pedophiles for the second election cycle in a row, the theocratic Constitution Party, as he did in 2008.

Mitt Romney, the Mormon from Massachusetts who was narrowly defeated by McCain in 2008, has seen a year-long purge of his supporters on **FreeRepublic.com** due to their lack of faith in the Goddess Sarah and Country. Romney's controversial "doing the bare minimum to prevent the poor from dying in the streets from easily treatable illnesses" position on healthcare reform has earned him the ire from the Tea Party-backed candidates. Thankfully for Romney, the corporations bank-rolling the Tea Party seem to be more forgiving.

Rick Santorum... There's nothing really to say that hasn't already been said by Dan Savage.

Rick Perry, from his lair on N*%#@ !head Ranch, had managed to lead a very effective campaign until his shocking support for preventing cervical cancer reached the ears of his base. HPV vaccination, proven by top investigators from the John Birch Society long ago to be just another tool of the ZOG/International Communist Conspiracy/UN to usher in the New World Order by giving American babies autism, is the hot-button issue that has managed to attract flak from the Tea Party and Michelle Bachmann, who gives us a gripping account from an unnamed mother that her "little daughter took that vaccine, that injection, and she suffered from mental retardation thereafter" in another compelling argument for just replacing the Primary process with a contest to see who can come up with the most outlandish, "totally true" anecdote to attack their opponents. I'm betting on Ron Paul.

The Unannounced:

Sarah Palin represents a sort of blank-slate for most of her supporters, upon which they can project their fantasies; for some, she is the Second Coming of Christ, here to restore God to our government and declare Holy War on the Islamo-Kenyan hordes. To others, she is the Second Coming of Reagan, only now he's going to recognize our constitutional right to hunt poor people from helicopters. Despite announcing that she won't run in 2012, Sarah's FreeRepublic supporters maintain that she's still in it to win it; using her incredible genius, she's really just playing five-dimensional chess and has begun to execute the Queen's Gambit, where the player forces her opponent into checkmate by resigning from any positions of relevance or power to focus on hawking ghost-written books and appearing on Fox News.

Barack Obama remains unpopular amongst Republicans despite his continuation of Bush-era military and domestic policy, the acceptance of his farcical alternative to actual healthcare reform by the majority of legislators, and his outstanding ability to silence the labor and community leaders his policies are directly harming. A champion of Free Trade, he recently signed agreements with Colombia, South Korea, and Panama. Barack Obama has reminded us repeatedly about his admiration for the Messiah Reagan and continues on in his legacy. His only clear weakness seems to be that he remains a Democrat.

I'm HATIN' IT.

A McMemoir

words **LUCY OHLSEN**
art **MEAGHAN LARKIN**

When you walk through the clear glass doors into the lobby of McDonald's, you're greeted with a calm, sanitary-smelling, air-conditioned gust of wind. Smooth jazz echoes off the artificial brick walls, and you might smile at the sight of some kids pointing excitedly at the happy meal toy display. The walls are covered with posters of tempting, brightly colored drinks and surreal representations of happiness in a world of chicken nugget close-ups, barbeque sauce, and white men with red afros. Once you get behind the counter, everything changes.

I am a white, vegetarian, middle-class college student hailing from New Mexico. For the past two summers, I have worked full-time at McDonald's as a minimum-wage employee. On the whole, the experience was absolutely awful, dire, and depressing. Although it is a struggle for me to reflect on those hellish months, I realize that I actually might have gained something from the experience.

Driving to work at McDonalds at 6 a.m. was oddly tranquil. The soothing sound of NPR's *Morning Edition* and the hint of the orange sun over the horizon were my shots of rapture to prepare for the imminent and foreboding day ahead. Twenty-five minutes of serenity, before the eight drudging hours of eternal doom. I would turn NPR off before I drove underneath the golden arches, so as to leave my learned sense of the world behind me, along with my general sense of reality.

The worst part of my shit job was the mood and physical state I would drive away with at the end of every single day. My brain would feel like it took a bath in the deep fryer, my back would ache like an overworked Sherpa, and my legs would be so stiff I'd have to let them thaw in the sun for a good thirty minutes before they'd be up and running again. Not to mention my temper, which was somewhere between an angry football coach's rage and an emotional sixteen-year-old girl's angst. I would get so tired and perturbed that I didn't want to be around anyone, even myself. Work always makes me tired, but only at McDonald's did it destroy my ability to feel and act like any sort of normal human being.

> "My perception of the world as a generally good place was constantly stabbed."

I can't quite pick out one day or one aspect of working at McDonald's that caused my mood to sour so drastically. Several things made me want to pull out my hair and the hair of everyone in my vicinity. One day, one of my managers told me I smelled like garlic because I was a white person (she assured me that she could tolerate it only because she'd "grown up around white people," but reported that some of my coworkers were very bothered by it). Another day, an obese man that came through the drive-thru made me throw his meal into his lap because he was so large that he couldn't reach far enough out his window to grab the bag. One of our regular customers always came dressed in leather chaps, and would ask me, "Lucy dear, how's your husband?!" I was entertained, but relatively sure that if I admitted that I didn't have a husband, he'd be on his knees before his sausage biscuit was ready. And then of course there was one co-manager, a Guatemalan who insisted on being called "Walter," that always kept me there at least an hour late just so that he'd have something (female) to look at.

Every day, I knew I'd be facing at least 10 things that would make me hate life. Having to charge customers 11 cents for every extra sauce packet. Having to clean things that were already clean so I wouldn't get in trouble for

standing still. Trying to figure out what my coworkers were saying about me in Spanish and then figuring out how to retaliate (always harder). Replacing bulk shit, like giant pouches of blended fruit (or something pink) for the smoothie machine. Assuring the customer who ordered the large fries and Big Mac that, yes, his soda *is* diet. Explaining to pissed-off mothers that we only had two of the eight Happy Meal toys on display. Having to sneak gulps of water when my manager's back was turned so I didn't pass out from dehydration. Asking how many creams and sugars customers want in their coffee (and being horrified when they say "ten and ten" for a 12-ounce cup). Getting yelled at for not ironing my shirt or cleaning my Velcro tie. Having to "suggestive sell" ("Would you like to try a 10-piece nugget meal today?"), and having some people actually take my question seriously (or the occasional person who wouldn't understand me and would make me repeat the question five times). Having to put orders together so quickly that any high rate of order accuracy was impossible. Being told every 20 seconds (no joke) to "SERVE IT!" (push the button that says an order is ready). Later this got better because my managers would begin to say, "Sirvale mi hija!" in a less hostile voice, and I felt a little bit more like a person.

My perception of the world as a generally good place was constantly stabbed. My moral sense wept; homeless people asked me for money when I walked into my job, and then throughout the day I'd be forced to throw away tons of food due to kitchen "mistakes." I watched people my own age steal half-eaten quarter pounders from the trash and ketchup from the ketchup dispenser. I served the same 50-cent cups of coffee to the same old grimy men every day, whose smells gradually grew more striking as the months wore on. I built up a shield against situations that would normally make me feel something, and rather than expressing sympathy, moved quickly on to the next customer.

I didn't look to many of my coworkers for consolation, because I felt like a little brat. Some of them have been working at McDonald's for 30 years.

Among my coworkers, I would identify four general subsets of employees: the Spanish-speaking, the native Americans, the Hispanics that were bilingual, and the white non-Spanish speakers. Hispanics definitely outweighed the rest of the employees, but that's because I was working in New Mexico. Nevertheless, I didn't fit in with the majority of the crew. Surprisingly, though, this didn't stop me from having some dynamic relationships at work. Mostly, they ridiculed me for my lunches (I never ate McDonald's — not even for the 50 percent discount employees receive). They also laughed at me when I spoke Spanish, but in an encouraging and lighthearted way. I had a hard time when they asked me questions about why I'm not married with babies yet. How exactly could I respectably object to their suggestions that I should just get pregnant and start a family? When they found out I had a boyfriend, all of a sudden I was allowed into their world — they made jokes about how he'd slap me if I did something wrong. I was taken aback, but the communication was better than being isolated with only the frozen fries to talk to.

When we weren't having a hellishly busy day, the crewmembers were generally nice and full of jokes and stories to make the hours pass more quickly. But the happy, community-like feeling would vanish as soon as something went wrong and someone had to be blamed. Then utter blame-chaos would erupt, and not being able to understand rapid Spanish inhibited my self-defense greatly. This in turn inspired me to improve my Spanish, and I definitely learned how to defend myself. I quickly learned to never admit that anything was my fault.

Aside from all of the conflicts and dramas within the restaurant, there was also the fact that I was working for a mammoth corporation. This affected daily life very little, but it was always annoying when we had "corporation days," where white guys would come in and check up on all of us. These were obviously the only times we followed all the rules, but I guess the brains at McD's haven't figured that out yet.

McDonald's, beyond being my hell and the bane of my existence, has had an indelible effect on me. I will never be able to erase the motor memory skills I have attained in fry-bagging and frappé-dressing. I will never be able to order from a drive-thru restaurant comfortably, knowing that I am being judged from the other side. I will probably never eat another nugget in my entire life. I've done my McTime.

Don't Drop the Hope

OREGON VOICE STAFF MEMBER "C MURDA" UNDERGOES AN UNPLANNED GRASSROOTS INVESTIGATION INSIDE THE GRANT COUNTY JAIL IN EPHRATA, WASH.

art **TAYLOR JOHNSTON**

The truth is, this is a *very* long story. Longer than I could ever put to a page, until I have a hefty advance and some serious time to write a novella that could house all the stories born out of this ordeal. This story starts at a music festival and ends in a love song, but in between, there rests a nasty hole of mental and physical incarceration that was not necessarily in my five-year plan. Consider this an abridged, erratic exhale, a time lapse of the feeling of powerlessness and its opposite. This is a story about time, and since there's not much of it, let's get to it.

Friday, Memorial Day Weekend 2010, The Gorge Amphitheatre in George, Washington. Lavish relaxation, debauchery, and mounds of young sweaty flesh transcending at the hands of the Supreme Being that is rock 'n' roll. Sunday, cooking a nice breakfast, two guys chat us up, talk the talk, buy some smoke from my friend, talk some more, blah blah blah. Thirty minutes go by and they're just chatting it up and want mushrooms. Just so happens I got 'em. I give 'em, they say "twenty bucks ok?" I say sure so they'll just leave. They were undercovers. Damnit. Eggs sizzle on the skillet, stare me right in the eyes. Then we're in jail. No wallets, no cell phones, seven hours from home where our finals week sits, waiting. I'm menstruating. Get bailed out, spend the next year and a half in court, borrowing cars and my friends' time driving 14-hour round trips on 10 separate Tuesdays in perfect alignment with my next 10 menstrual cycles. I'm not kidding.

Then I'm sentenced. "Thirty days in jail or you won't learn your lesson, young lady." Wait, did I mention I was a poster child for student leadership and involvement? Now my résumé has "Convicted Felon" written all over it. My life's savings are gone, but at least I can sleep at night knowing that the entrapment of college students at concerts will solve Grant County's meth-ademic. I am allowed to finish up my college degree before serving my sentence. The irony! I have six months, so I make jokes. Lighthearted until the last moment, but then it's real and I get in the car for the last scenic, seven-hour journey to my final days in Grant County. Of course I have my period again because, clearly, God hates me.

Roots growing in my gut, thought that the reality would forever remain in the unforeseeable future. Twelve hours til D-Day, that laughter is now nervous. I'm staring at my notebook, brain blank, then suddenly, an invader! *Houses of the Holy is the best Led Zeppelin album… you can argue if you want, but I can't hear you*. The sentence blocks all others out. Uninspired. Ok. No music for 30 days. How will I live? Flashing beacons of red light bounce between the clouds from the windmills working overtime in the thick wind winding through the countryside. Whoever coined "wailing wind" must have heard this wind, singing me a pained lullaby in the borrowed blue sedan, my rocking cradle. I drift away to my dreams.

Call Mom from the courthouse lawn, can hear her dragging Marlboros on repeat from 3000 miles away. She injects me with courage, I gather my guts. Booking. Guard is thrown off by my floppy felt hat and healthy skin. A girl like me is strange in here, see? They take me back, the desk cop recognizes me ("Oregon, right?"). We laugh at my mugshot, ha ha. Officer L remembers me, helps me sneak in undies. Next it's H Dorm, a maximum security stinking sweaty pit of intimidation and brutal eyes. There's an old bird who cut her husband's ear off, a mess of tweakers, and some armed robbers. Great. The diseased steel pot with no door in plain sight is staring at me. I hover over it, it takes three minutes to make it happen. Two hours go by and boom. Now it's minimum security down the street. Here, it's jail-issued undies only. Gross. Guards, inmates alike ask me if I'm in here for dope. Do I look like I am?

Next day. 6 a.m. "Cake-on-cake" for breakfast, literally a piece of cake on top of another piece of cake, four days a week. I don't touch my cake, or my other cake. Back to sleep. 11:30 a.m. Lunch. Soup, made up of last night's dinner. Nope. 4 p.m. Dinner, insulting at this hour, a cheeseburger that's mean-mugging me. TV's loud, squawking laugh tracks and every show about substance abuse, rehab, prison, or murder that you can imagine. Meta nightmare. Killing time again. *Here's a list of all the bands I've ever seen…* Random sweep of personal property for any contraband. A guard confiscates my journal for mentioning the sneaking in of the underwear. Dehumanized, and sleeping again.

Day five. "Every day's the same… the silent, pliant teeth of time eating away," from

the first 50 pages of *Sometimes a Great Notion*. Perfect. I am constantly pondering time. … *four years of college flew by. Weekends that grew wings, up and left me for dead on Monday, and here I am, in a vacuous void of fluorescent-lit cinderblocks where every minute feels like an hour spent anticipating the greatest party imaginable, set to take place on the day after the darkest day of the year. Indeed, time is a most fickle mistress*.

Unable to pass the days by reading and writing alone. As it stands, inspiration is zero. The acoustics are great in here. I wish I had a guitar. Oddly drawn into all nine spin-offs of *Keeping Up With the Kardashians*. *Jeopardy* is my one true love. The girls are astonished by both my enthusiasm for the game and my extensive knowledge of useless facts. "How do you *know* all this?" they ask me. "What are you reading?" "Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*." "What's that about?" Uh oh. I am pinned as a nerd, very risky.

Day eight. I assume the world is still turning outside of this vacuole. I can't be sure save for the fact that my parents keep answering the phone. Mom's still smoking. Then—a postcard. My first. The world out there is waiting… phew. *Descending… we watched these willful purple warriors blossoming from the south, pushing the front lines with a roar… rumble, rise, SNAP, crack, roll… boasting its victory!* Freedom is pouring off the page as I watch a thunderstorm brewing in open desert skies. Tears rain release; words wash through my once Novocain-slathered soul. I almost forgot, morose is not my only makeup. Poetry at last.

Days blur. There are meals, Rummy 500, middle school antics, passive aggressive channel changing, and my beloved *Jeopardy*. More mail. Read and reread. Inspiration spurts and spits at its own convenience. A male inmate writes me in-house love letters in Spanish. Two girls who taunt me go back to maximum for giving (ugly) stick and poke tattoos. Time speeds up without them, but still beats on my head. A week left (my sentence is reduced to 19 days for good behavior) and I imagine my first free day. I live it over and over in my head. [Lunch in town, flight to Seattle. Drinks with a dashing stranger at the airport. Eugene. Bluegrass night. Sleep in a real bed, cuddling with Walter KronCat.]

Rereading letters, miserable, one more day. This is the longest day. I am living in the future. *Tuesday will be the best day*. The girls grow colder as I prepare to leave, so I spend my last days alone reading *East of Eden*. Steinbeck keeps me company, whispers: "Eventlessness has no posts to drape duration on. From nothing to nothing is no time at all." Tomorrow, this will all be a blink.

Morning of release, can't sleep, and it seems I have my period, ten days early. Of course. These are the longest hours. 11:40 a.m., my name's on the speaker. I give them back their damned undies. Felt hat feels good. I'm free. *The air is laced with saccharin, sips my shoulders. Blood flow prickles singe my thighs, I have not used my legs like this in a century, it seems. I don't even care to look back. Bye bye!* Epic burger, rant with the barmaid, two beers with a guy who also just "got out" (his treat). Then I'm on a dinky plane with a handful of passengers and on walks the sexiest man alive. [Please sit next to me.] He does. "What brings you to Wenatchee?" "It's a long story…" Thirty seconds, can't contain it. [Smile-sigh]. A loud whisper — "I woke up in jail this morning." He smiles a sultry smirk of surprise and intrigue. He has a layover to Montana, I have a fit of confidence. "Wanna get a drink?" "Absolutely." We drink whiskey (his treat) and fall as madly in love as is possible in an airport, or at least I did. I give him a book. He says he will never forget this day. "Me neither." He tells me to write. I fantasize about taking him into the bathroom. We part. *Stranger than fiction*. I fly home.

WELCOME TO BREWGENE

Eugene's Ninkasi and Oakshire take different approaches to ushering in the microbrew renaissance.

words **WILL STEVENS**
photo **COLETTE LEVESQUE**

Walking into a house party on a crisp autumn evening, you find a place in the corner of the dimly lit room. The incense fails to mask stale Pabst and yesterday's quinoa, and the end result is more cinnamon fart than welcoming. In the adjacent corner stand two tall gents, each holding 22-ounce brown bottles. They're trading sips and giving that diagonal nod that says, "I understand you, my brother." When the exchange is over you realize you've been gazing creepily at this fraternal mating ritual for far too long.

You're at another mediocre party, and although dumbfounded by the site of two college-aged beer snobs, you know deep inside you wish you could talk to them. After all, what's happening with beer these days isn't just a trend. It's a revolution of party culture altogether.

"Younger people are starting to realize that craft beer is a whole different phenomenon from the Bud, Miller, Coors that our parents and grandparents grew up drinking consistently," said Matt Van Wyk, Brewmaster at Eugene's Oakshire Brewing.

That's right. In Eugene, one of the west coast's most delightfully puzzling of cities, quality beer has finally trumped the light lager standby. Leading the charge are the two surging breweries Ninkasi and Oakshire. Aside from both being founded in 2006 and concocting damn good beer, the two companies share little in common.

Ninkasi is undeniably the leader of Eugene's beer renaissance. Named after the Sumerian goddess of fermentation, the company's booming success is due mainly to its intense hopping, a trend among microbreweries today. Its ingenious marketing has also helped, particularly its presence in the Eugene music scene. Not only has the brand defined itself as rebellious and sharp, similar to that of Rogue Ales from Newport, Ore., but also its logo and overall design emulate the boldness and leisurely essence that is Eugene. It has grown to be the closest thing the city has to a mascot (except maybe for that quack in a duck outfit).

But any craft brewer will tell you that regardless of sexy ad campaigns and trendy marketing, the beer is what sells itself. Ninkasi's flagship brew is the Total Domination IPA, a beer that, while on the hoppy side, finishes smoothly with a kick of citrus. It's the beer that you'll initially criticize for being too strong, too heavy, too this, too that, but by the time your tirade is finished, you're running back to the bar for a refill.

Other notable Ninkasi brews include their Tricerahops Double IPA, the Believer Double Red Ale, the Oatis Oatmeal Stout, and the current winter release Sleigh'r. All of these beers are exquisite, but drinkers beware: These shouldn't be treated like pawns in your Thursday night drinking games. Just one pint of any Ninkasi beer will redden your face and you'll start cracking inappropriate jokes or futzing with your friend's iTunes, looking for that perfect track to bump full blast in effort to make sense of your fast-fleeting sobriety.

The intoxication with Ninkasi isn't restricted to the Willamette valley either. It's now regional. Last month, the Oregon Liquor Control Commission charted Ninkasi third in Oregon-owned beer sales, trailing only statewide giants Deschutes Brewery and Widmer Brothers Brewing. Ninkasi is currently bottling to four states, and the facility had to acquire adjacent property to store brewing equipment after seeing exponential sales growth through three consecutive years.

Amidst the hoopla surrounding the state's new darling, Ninkasi brewers will tell you with frank modesty that they've simply had a good run and can only hope the ride continues.

"Ever since I started working here, it's just been about making beer we've wanted to make, doing it in our own way, and then sharing that experience," said James Book, marketing director at Ninkasi. "The challenging part is being able to maintain that core culture moving ahead."

"If Ninkasi is your trendsetting, rebellious older brother, Oakshire would be your friend's dad who is often more fun to hang out with than people your own age."

If Ninkasi is your trendsetting, rebellious older brother (yes, we are personifying beer when it's this good), Oakshire would be your friend's dad who is often more fun to hang out with than people your own age. The stoicism of this brewery cannot be overstated: It claims to have no marketing strategy, and doesn't seem to mind being the little guy relative to its cross-town compadre Ninkasi.

Oakshire's signature craft is its amber ale. In general, ambers are popular in the northwest, though Ninkasi has never attempted one. Oakshire's amber is the perfect beer to get your foot in the door when embarking on a long night of drinking. It's rich, but crisp, and that one-beer lethargy won't happen. Probably because you'll soon be reaching for another one without hesitation. Oakshire's amber is much less hoppy than Ninkasi's signature beers, which makes it more drinkable for the casual bar-goer.

Oakshire also differs from Ninkasi in its brewing philosophy. While Ninkasi prides itself on its signature year-round beers plus the seasonal ale, Oakshire is much more experimental. They cultivate over 40 types of single-batch brews, which are distributed around town at various Wtimes of the year.

It is becoming increasingly popular, and soon it could easily taste the success Ninkasi has experienced. Last month, Oakshire inked a distribution deal with Maletis Beverage, a Portland bottling and distribution company whose clients include Anheuser-Busch, Widmer, Red Hook, and Ninkasi.

Now that Oakshire is increasing sales, one wonders how long it will maintain that small-time novelty. Will it lose its local following much like that of an overblown indie band? Brewmaster Matt Van Wyk, a teacher-turned-beer-innovator, insists that the focus of his company is on creating the perfect selection of beers, not playing catch-up.

"We're big fans of what Ninkasi and other northwest breweries are doing, but we're different in that we're more experimental and don't want that factory feel," he said. "Our goal is to offer a wide variety of quality beers, and that's what younger people seem to want. People in their twenties usually order different types of drinks because they want to try lots of things, and we identify with that desire for diversity."

So which brewery is king in Eugene? It's tough to say, especially because a head-to-head comparison of the beers would be limited to just two varieties: IPA and pale ale, and the subjectivity of beer criticism is an endless spiral.

"More often than not, people reaching for an IPA are going to go with Ninkasi, but Oakshire always seems to attract people with its new stuff," said Colin Mulligan, server at 16 Tons Beer and Wine. "The pale ale is going to be the standard for judging beers, but people shouldn't think of the two companies as competitors, because there's so much camaraderie between them."

Mulligan and others did note the trend among young beer drinkers to gravitate towards the lesser-known brands, because as we all know, once the masses catch on and start drinking, that beer is no longer appealing. Right?

"We're aware of the natural dynamic of hipster-ism, and we can't be new forever," Book said. "Our only concern is the beer. Beer is love."

Mulligan agreed. "The real winners are the places like [16 tons], the Bier Stein, Valley Vintner, and other places that are all about spreading the passion of good beer. In the end, Brewgene wins."

Good riddance to the days of beer inadequacy, and hello to a better brew to warm the coming frosty nights. The beer gut was always inevitable, and sources say chicks dig it. Ø

The Oregon Voice covers
MusicFest NorthWest

OREGON VOICE XXXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW W/ WHITE ARROWS

Photographed:
J.P. Caballero
Mickey Church

The White Arrows are a Tropical Crunk band from southern california. They are comprised of Mickey Church, Henry Church, Steven Vernet, J.P. Caballero and Andrew Naeve

interview **NOAH DEWITT**

Oregon Voice: It sounds like you come from a pretty "groovy" background.

Henry Church: You're talking to the dude with tie-dye sneakers.

OV: How did you go from studying shamanism at NYU to being in this band?

MC: Yeah, it's always interesting talking about it in hindsight because to me it was always separate. Shamanistic ritual kind of was happenstance. My advisor was the teacher of shamanistic ritual at NYU, so I just decided to take a course that my advisor was teaching, not even knowing what it was… Because he happened to be a Ph.D. in shamanism, or whatever you want to call it, and he was a shamanista himself, I took the class and really connected with it and connected with him. On the first day of school, it was a bunch of nervous kids who are in New York City for the first time, and we're sitting in this classroom for our first class of our first day. And the teacher is nonexistent. And 10 minutes go by. Fifteen minutes go by. And after 15 minutes, this crazy guy bursts through the door, covered in dust with a doctor's mask on and a flashlight on his head, with his friend who had these crazy, piercing blue eyes, who's also covered in dust. And he says, "True story, true story: We just got back from Burning Man. True story: Janis Joplin was in eagle form flying over the RV the entire way home.

By the next class a lot of the kids had dropped it, like, "I'm spending my tuition money on this?" But the people who stayed in the class are some of the only people that I became friends with in the entire university for the entire four years I was there.

That's just one thing that happened that led me a certain way, but it could have easily not gone that way.

OV: What about your name? Is it an archery thing, or is it more like a computer mouse white arrow?

MC: It's actually neither, or both if you guys want it to be. It's just abstract, and whatever meaning it had when we came up with it — it's kind of always changing based on what people assume it is or ask what it is. So I kind of like to keep it as abstract and free-formed as possible. If people want to take it literally, they can.

OV: I know you two are brothers. Are you all family?

MC: J.P.'s a half-brother by blood. We're like cousins. And we all met through friends, and it was pretty kismet. Like how rare is it to find people, especially later in life, who are all on the same page as you. It's like past the age of 16, I've made maybe 10 friends in my life, two of which happen to be likeminded individuals who want to play a similar kind of music and have the same outlook on life and the journey.

OV: How written are your songs when you step into the studio? Because your songs are really intensely produced.

MC: We write as we record. It's all home studio stuff.

Andrew Naeve: We just write and record, and what needs to be rerecorded later, we'll touch up after the song is written. We've probably recorded vocals like three different times, before just tossing it and starting over.

JPC: It's like one of those gem tumblers, where you put in all the geodes and precious rocks, and you just tumble it and tumble it and tumble it. It takes a long time, and they turn into these beautiful smooth rocks.

OV: You've referred to yourselves as tropical crunk music?

HC: Many times.

OV: What aspects of crunk do you guys adapt to your style?

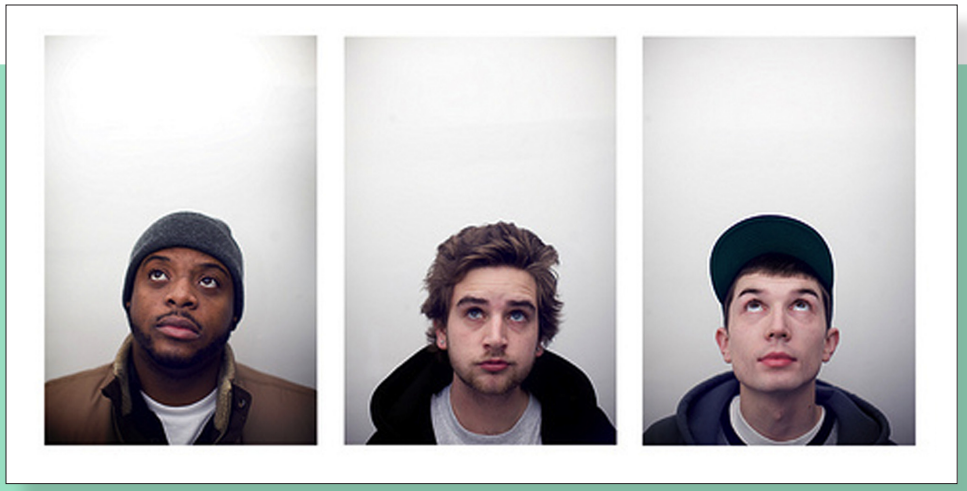
MC: Mostly the dancing.

AN: Mostly nothing. Besides the vibe. We don't have crunk cups.

HC: I do.

TxE

interview **NOAH PORTER**

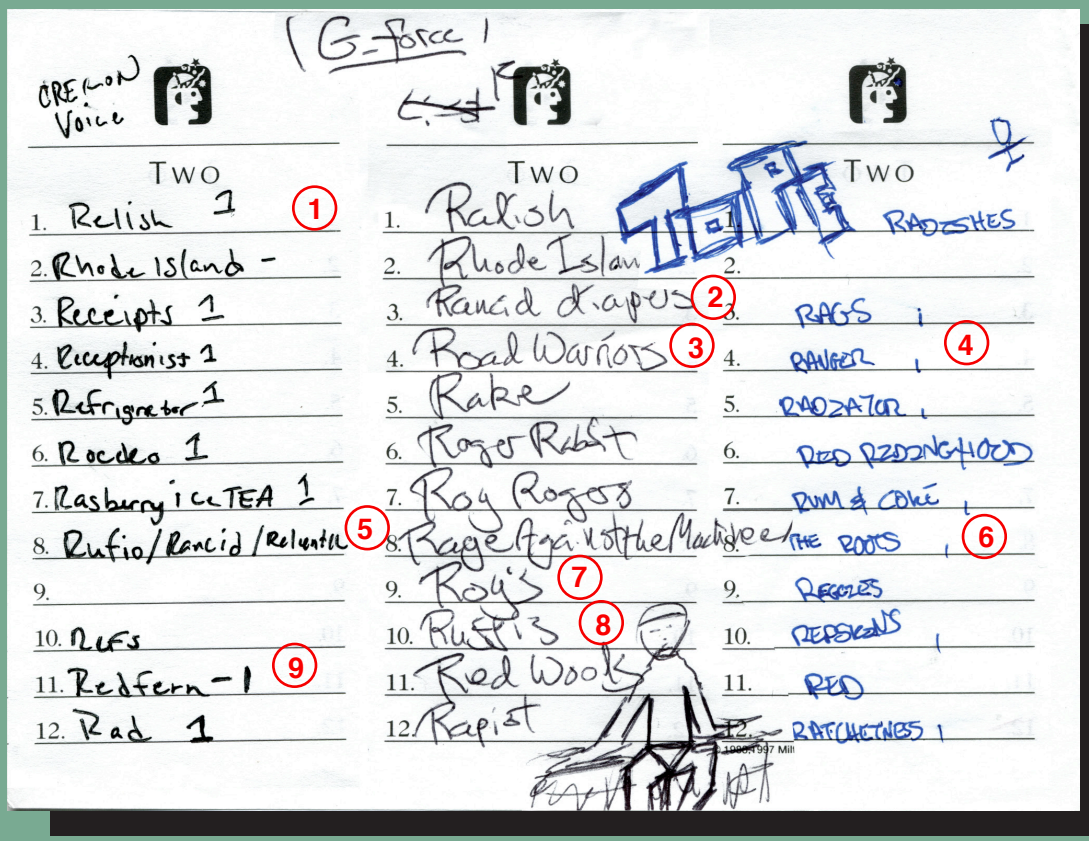


Right to Left: Epp, G-Force, Tope

TxE (pronounced T and E) is quickly becoming the most visible hip-hop act in Portland. Comprised of rappers Tope and Epp (hence the name), and producer/composer G-Force, the stumptown trio have earned their spot with their organic sound and an energetic live show. With their debut album *We Get It In True* poised for a Winter release, TxE sat down with OREGON VOICE for a game of Scattergories on a recent trip to Eugene.

LIST 12 CATEGORIES

1. Vegetables
2. US States
3. Things you throw away
4. Occupation
5. Appliances
6. Cartoon Characters
7. Type Of Drink
8. Musical Groups
9. Store Names
10. Things at a Football Game
11. Trees
12. Personality Traits



1. *Relish is not a vegetable, but hey- we'll give it to you, seeing as you already took the point. OV*

2. "Nice job guys, you both had better more practical ones than rancid diapers." G-Force

3. "Nobody said it had to be real." Epp
"Hey, I would put it on my resumé." G-Force

4. "Ranger is an upstanding occupation." Tope

5. "I had three answers. Is that like a combo? Do I get an alley-oop or something?" Epp *No, I think youre thinking of basketball. OV*

6. "Good answer- but that starts with a T" Epp
"Yeah but if you read the rules, youd see that articles like the are allowed" G-Force
"Unwritten rule number one: read the rules" Tope

7. "I put Roy's, its a convenient store on the east coast." G-Force *Yeah fucking right. OV*

8. "There are a lot of college kids at football games, you know one of thems got a pocket full of roofies." G-Force

9. "I put Red Fern, is Red Fern a tree? Noah?" Epp
No, Red Fern is a fern. And a book. OV

GAMES

MADLIBS

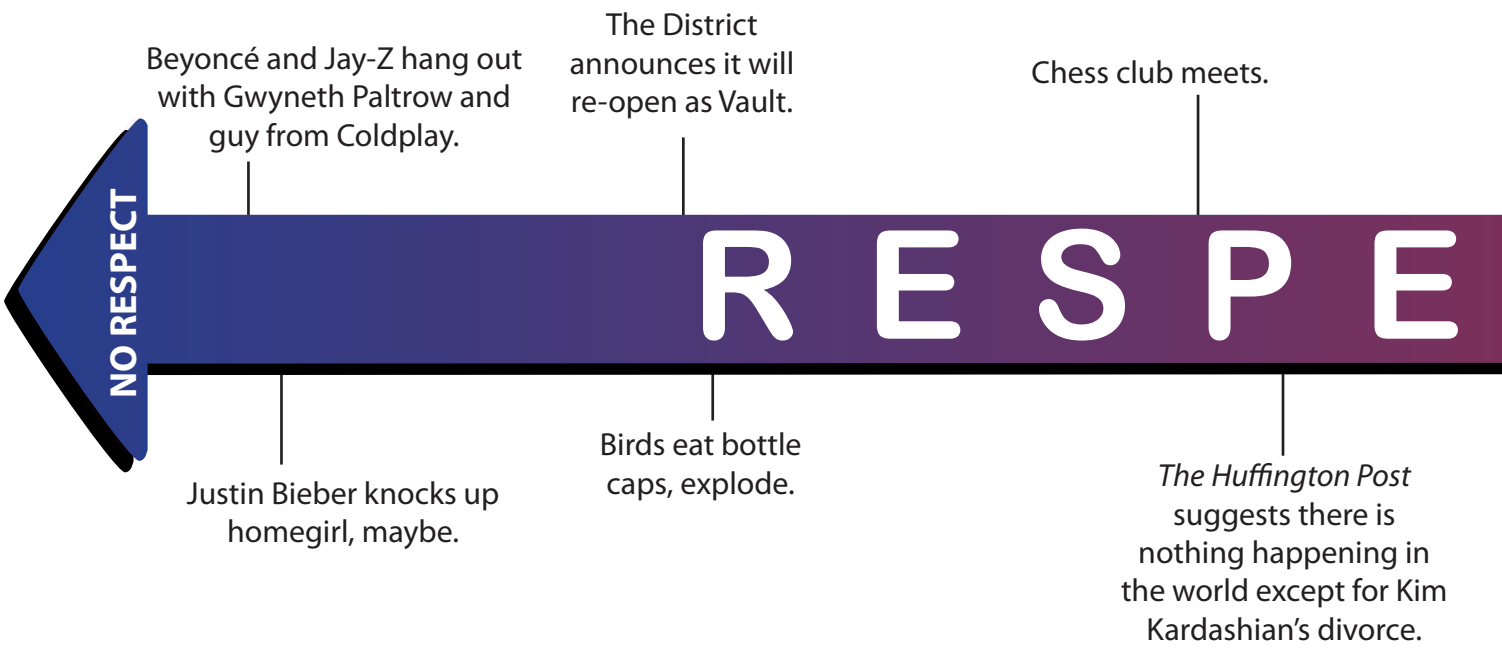
HIPSTER'S REVENGE

Once there was a _____ hipster with a big _____. As he was
(adjective) (noun)
riding his _____ up 13th street, he tried to _____ an old woman,
(noun) (verb)
but was tackled by a _____ _____. Phil Knight pointed and
(adjective) (noun)
laughed at the hipster, hurting both his feelings and his _____. In
(body part)
retaliation, the hipster proceeded to _____ on Phil Knight's Audi,
(verb)
shouting "I'm a _____ hipster with a big _____!" Phil's nostrils
(verb-ing) (noun)
flared, and his face grew _____. "Who's the _____ now, Phil?"
(adjective) (noun)
said the hipster, with _____ in his eyes. Just then, _____
(emotion) (celebrity)
appeared, with potential athletes following. Phil didn't want to look like
a _____, and gave the hipster two free tickets to _____,
(noun) (band/musician)
and a lifetimes supply of _____. "What a _____ after
(food) (adjective)
noon," concluded the hipster.

BEYONCE WORD SEARCH

BOOTYLICIOUS
BABYJAYZ
DIVA
FOXYCLEOPATRA
SWAGU
SOLANGE
SAYMYNAME
DESTINY
SIDEBOOB
GODDESS
SURVIVOR
DREAMGIRL
CRAZYINLOVE
PUTARINGONIT
BONER
ROLEMODEL

D T G R O L E M O D E L X J U
J P S I H I A Y S U O E F B E
P M U S L Q T A U C Z O S A M
X V R I Q G S O O K X X U B A
Z L V D A K T L I Y Z E A Y N
U E I E L S G E C D L D H J Y
X Q V B I K D L I C S Q I A M
Y O O O B W E V L H N W U Y Y
B R R O P O A Y Y J L Z A Z A
N G E B P Y N I T S E D W G S
P U T A R I N G O N I T O W U
U A T E G N A L O S O G R O X
A R Q Y I N B N B O N E R C R
A L R I G M A E R D B Y S N O
E V O L N I Y Z A R C B Z Z J



OREGON VOICE PROFESSOR TRADING KARDZ ™

Getting a college education is, we're told, an investment for the future. But when you graduate to discover that your BA doesn't necessarily guarantee employment, you are going to wish you had a backup plan. That's why the **OREGON VOICE** is releasing these limited edition Professor Trading Kardz™. In 50 years, these collector's items will be worth more than you can imagine. Carefully cut out the individual Kardz™, keep them in protective sleeves so you don't devalue them by breathing on them, and save them for a rainy day. Collect all 150!

GOTTA CATCH 'EM ALL!

Black turtleneck immortalized with the passing of Steve Jobs.

Obama employs the pull-out technique — of troops from Iraq.

Beyoncé and Jay-Z have conceived the perfect human.

Beyoncé's new single "Party" becomes new Oregon Voice anthem.

C T R U M

MAD RESPECT

The District loses liquor license.

Andy Rooney complains for 92 years.

Occupy tours Eugene.

Summer construction has ceased on Alder Street, smooth cruisin' from here on out.

HARPER KEELER

DEPARTMENT: Landscape Architecture
POSITION: Urban farm director
UNDERGRAD G.P.A.: 3.68

WHAT'S YOUR GO-TO KARAOKE SONG?
"The Weight" by The Band
WHAT TURNS YOU ON?
Brussel sprouts
WHAT HAPPENS AFTER WE DIE?
Compost
WHAT'S THE STUPIDEST THING A STUDENT HAS EVER SAID IN CLASS?
"How can eating that be bad, its organic?"

NATACIA HICKS

DEPARTMENT: PE and Recreation
POSITION: Adjunct Professor of Yoga
UNDERGRAD GPA: 4.19

WHAT'S YOUR GO-TO KARAOKE SONG?
"Ziggy Stardust" by David Bowie
WHAT TURNS YOU ON?
Epic Meal Time!
WHAT HAPPENS AFTER WE DIE?
We decompose... physically and energetically; our stuff goes back into the universe.
WHAT'S THE STUPIDEST THING A STUDENT HAS EVER SAID IN CLASS?
"Can we just have an hour of nap-time?"

Look for more Professor Trading Kardz™ in our upcoming issues. Make sure you never miss an issue of OREGON VOICE ever, or else your collection will be incomplete and therefore worthless!

THAT CAMPUS HOTTIE

With an undeniably handsome mug and one of the few campus moustaches that actually works, Henry (last name withheld) is, without a doubt, worthy of the Campus Hottie title in this edition of the Oregon Voice. He cruises his road bike through campus with a relaxed sexiness, turning heads and breaking necks on the reg. This untamed hunk of Marketing major is on the market himself, people, so it's time to start getting in line. But don't stand too close—this campus hottie might burn you.

Name: Henry

Age: 21

Relationship Status: Single

Major: Marketing

Favorite Movie: "The Replacements"

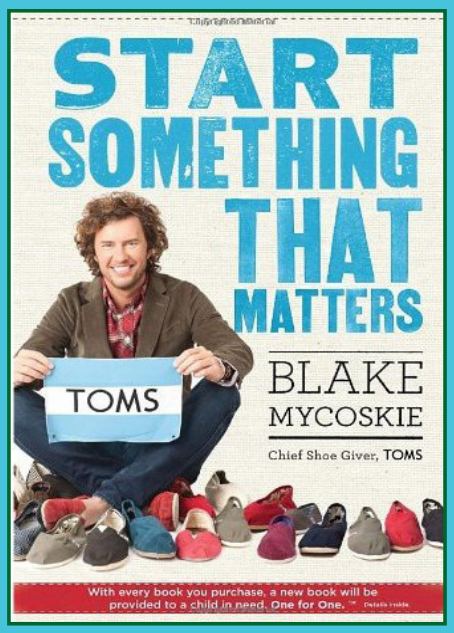
Turn-ons: Good sense of humor, smarts, someone with a passion for things.

Turn-offs: Bad smells, annoying behavior, self-centered individuals.

Favorite pick-up line: "You're one tall drink of water, and I'm telling you right now…I'm thirsty."

Ideal date: Afternoon bike ride, dinner at the Bier Stein, followed by late-night hike up Spencer's Butte.

Guilty pleasure: 90's jock jams.



Book Review: *Start Something That Matters* Author: Blake Mycoskie

words **GEORGE HEISE**

Start Something that Matters, a new book by Blake Mycoskie, founder of TOMS shoes, is a wonderfully woven piece of fiction. The book seemed great for the first 20 or so pages until I noticed a discrepancy between Mycoskie's advice on starting a for-profit corporation with conscientious marketing and the altruistic people who have started non-profits and other charities that sell products or services. Constructed like every other DIY-altruistic-corporation self-help guide, *Start Something that Matters* opens with several sympathy-evoking chapters about Third World poverty and concludes with examples featuring "green" PR campaigns spliced in with a few stories of people who started non-profits that actually combat poverty in the developing world.

While quoting emphatic playboys who saved the world, told all their friends on facebook, and started their own companies marketing that story back home, Mycoskie fails to acknowledge any difference between non-profits that actively market products sustainably (where all sales beyond breaking even annually go to charities or other non-profits) and corporate PR campaigns, where little of the movement consumers partake in actually changes conditions in the real world. Mycoskie has a few examples of individuals marketing legitimate social movements through non-profits, such as a student from Arizona State University, who started selling meningitis shots two at a time, one for the college freshman consumer and another for someone in need in Africa. However, Mycoskie almost instantaneously juxtaposes these examples of individuals who *started something that matters*, with corporations who started donating to the developing world or any other bogus cause that's trendy — also known as a tax write-off. So what if Pepsi makes a $20 million donation to providing clean water somewhere far away instead of buying a prime Superbowl commercial spot for the same price? This does not make them a part of any social movement. With or without that donation, they deny water to indigenous cultures in South America with bottling plants and are still one of the world's largest producers of non-recyclable plastic waste.

So let's take the socially conscientious values found in *Start Something that Matters* and apply it to TOMS Shoes itself, which started as a company operated out of an apartment and in less than a decade became a multi-million-dollar corporation. From buying a pair of TOMS at St. Vincent Depaul's and tearing the hell out of them, here's what I can say about the product. They're manufactured cheaply in China with unsustainably and irresponsibly sourced materials, in an industry that frequently takes advantage of low wages and long hours, not to mention increased fuel costs to ship the two pairs of shoes you just bought internationally to two locations for 55 bucks a pair. Even if production costs are doubled because your consumer is buying two products instead of just one, TOMS shoes can't cost more than $5 to make a pair. With that 55 bucks you could have bought shoes for at least a handful of kids — and myself. The damn things don't last longer than a few months anyway. Consumer beware: The "socially minded" BOGO (Buy-One-Get-One) model is bullshit. What do kids from the developing world want more: a pair of shoes that cost 5 bucks to make in their own country, or the $50 dollars more you just threw in Blake Mycoskie's lap?

Rated: One dick sucked by the developing world for every dick you suck.

Artist: Surfer Blood Album: *EP- Tarot Classics*

words **COLETTE LEVESQUE**

The West Palm Beach, Fl. foursome Surfer Blood released their first full-length album last year, *Astro Coast*. It sounded so good my ears wept. This past month, Surfer Blood released their first EP, *Tarot Classics*. It's deadly. It has four tracks; 15 easy minutes with a steady beat, a good rhythm, and what I like to call "grown up lyrics."

Even though Surfer Blood still abides by its beach rock roots, as a band they show maturity in their lyrical expansion. The first track, "I'm Not Ready," which could easily be placed in *Astro Coast*, deals with a former friend, "sooner or later they will find out what you're made of". Without their frontman, John Paul Pitts, I'm not sure Surfer Blood would make it. It is his engaging harmony that shines through as he pours his broken heart out, "how can you say to me that it's not meant to be." The intimacy has a slacker charm, but the seriousness of friends, bad decisions, and failed relationships are extremely prevalent. The next two tracks "Voyager", and "Drinking Problem" have an even deeper feeling. Staying true to the innocence of the '90s, Surfer Blood has done it and done it well. *Tarot Classics*, included with the four originals has two extra remixes plus a few bonus downloads.

Rated: If I had to eat 10 cookies, I'd only eat eight.

Album: *Where Are You From?*
Artist: Various

words **JOSEPH DE SOSA**

Where Are You From? is a compilation of sixteen psychedelic rock, funk, and rare songs from 1968 until present day. It was released by Christopher Lemaire and Now Again Records. With obscure compilation albums, finding a few half-decent songs from the unknowns is the most enjoyment one can receive. Not with this one, however. There is some shit on here that will fuck your shit.

Of course there are a few songs on this album that I would call trash, like the 16-second Jim Morrison impersonation (which counts as one of the 16 tracks). A few are are sad, awkward songs trying too hard to imitate American pop.

The best featured artist by far is Rikki Ililonga. Ililonga is one of the founders of Zamrock, described on Wikipedia as "a combination of Jimi Hendrix's psychedelic rock and James Brown's funk." The small, basically unheard-of movement began in the '70s in the unstable African nation Zambia. Ililonga's music sounds almost like the "Velvet Undergound with Zambian man" rather than the "Velvet Underground with Nico." The best song on the album by Ililonga is "Sheenbeen Queen."

Other sick entries are the songs "Adimiz miskindir bizim" by Mazhar ve Fuat, an '80s Turkish band that sounds like a middle eastern Mama's and the Papa's, and "Gole Yakh" by Kourosh Yaghamaei (who according to his website, had his voice banned for 17 years in Iran).

The share of rad songs definitely makes the album worth listening to, and probably buying.

Rating: British Columbia out of Canadian Provinces.

NINKASI BREWING · EUGENE · OREGON
Northwest Local

WE LUV U BEYONCE!

D.I.Y. STICK AND POKE TATTOO

BY JULIAN WATTS

NEWSFLASH: STICK AND POKE TATTOOS ARE TOTALLY IN RIGHT NOW! IN FACT THEY HAVE AND ALWAYS WILL BE A TOTALLY COOL THING FOR RECKLESS YOUNG PEOPLE TO DO, SO IF YOU DON'T HAVE ONE ALREADY, FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE DIRECTIONS AND MAKE YOURSELF A WEIRD LITTLE TATTOO NOW!

BUT FIRST, CONSIDER THESE THINGS: THERE'S GONNA BE BLOOD, ITS GONNA HURT, AND THIS SHIT WILL DEFINITELY BE ON YOUR SKIN 4EVER!

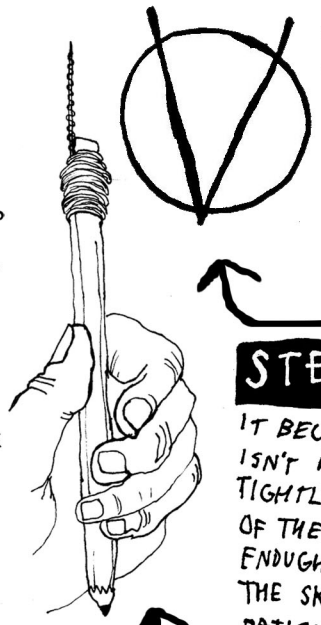
SO, MAKE SURE YOUR HOMIES DON'T HAVE ANY WEIRD BLOODBORNE DISEASES BEFORE U START GIVING THEM TATS, MAKE SURE THAT NOBODY IS GOING TO START FREAKING OUT WHEN THEY ARE GETTING STABBED WITH NEEDLES AND BLEEDING EVERYWHERE, AND MAKE SURE THAT EVERYONE INVOLVED IS OK WITH HAVING WEIRD SYMBOLS THEY THOUGHT WERE COOL IN COLLEGE ON THEIR BODIES FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES. IF YOU ARE FEELING UNCOMFORTABLE ABOUT ANY OF THESE THINGS, YOU MIGHT WANT TO RECONSIDER THIS WHOLE PROJECT.

FOR ALL YOU NON-SQUARES, LETS GET STARTED!

HERE IS WHAT U R GONNA NEED:

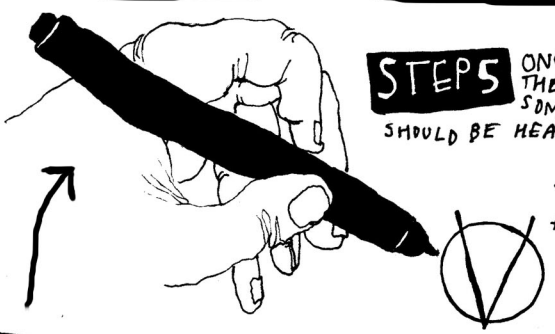
- SEWING NEEDLE
- THREAD
- MARKER OR PEN
- PENCIL
- BLACK INDIA INK
- BEER (YOU ARE GONNA NEED TO BE DRUNK FOR THIS)

STEP 1 BEFORE YOU START, REMEMBER: KEEP ALL YOUR TOOLS AND HANDS SUPER CLEAN AND NEVER REUSE NEEDLES ON DIFFERENT PEOPLE!!! START OFF BY STERILIZING YOUR NEEDLES IN BOILING WATER. NEXT BUILD YOUR "RIG" BY ATTACHING THE NEEDLE TO THE END OR YOUR PENCIL BY WRAPPING THE SHIT OUT OF IT WITH THREAD, LEAVE ABOUT ½ INCH OF THE NEEDLE STICKING OUT AND MAKE SURE THAT IT IS SUPER FIRMLY ATTACHED. CONTINUE WRAPPING THE THREAD AROUND THE ACTUAL NEEDLE. BE SUPER NEAT, JUST WRAP 2 OR 2 TIGHT LAYERS AROUND THE NEEDLE, AND LEAVE ABOUT 1/16 INCH, JUST A TINY BIT!, EXPOSED AT THE TIP OF THE NEEDLE. BURN THE TIP WITH A LIGHTER TO STERILIZE IT ONE MORE TIME AND MAKE SURE TO LET IT COOL BEFORE YOU START POKING!



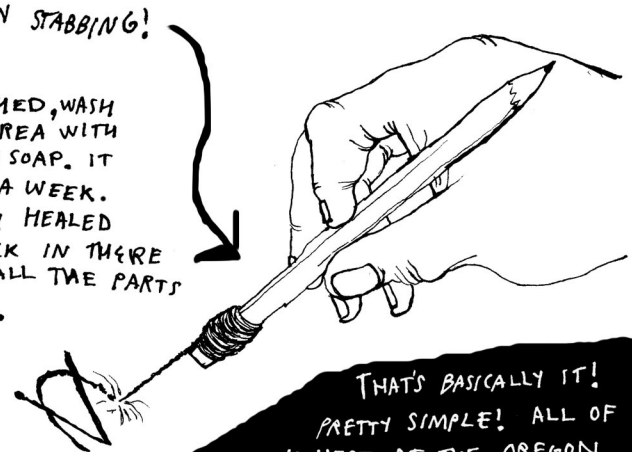
STEP 2 FIGURE OUT WHAT YOU WANT YOUR TAT TO BE. IT NEEDS TO BE VERY SIMPLE WITH NO SHADING OR FILLED IN AREAS. ALSO DEFINITELY MAKE IT SMALL CAUSE ITS GONNA HURT AND LOOK PRETTY WEIRD. REMEMBER, YOU ARE PROBABLY GOING TO FUCK UP ALOT THIS FIRST TIME, SO SERIOUSLY, PICK SOMETHING SIMPLE. HOW ABOUT THIS?

STEP 3 USE A FINE TIPPED MARKER TO DRAW YOUR DESIGN ON THE SKIN. IF NECESSARY, SHAVE OFF ANY HAIR WHERE THE TATTOO WILL BE, AND TRY NOT TO STRETCH THE SKIN WHILE YOU ARE DRAWING OR THE IMAGE WILL TURN OUT ALL DISTORTED. ALSO, PEOPLE NEED TO BE PRETTY DRUNK AT THIS POINT BECAUSE ITS ABOUT TO GET FREAKY!

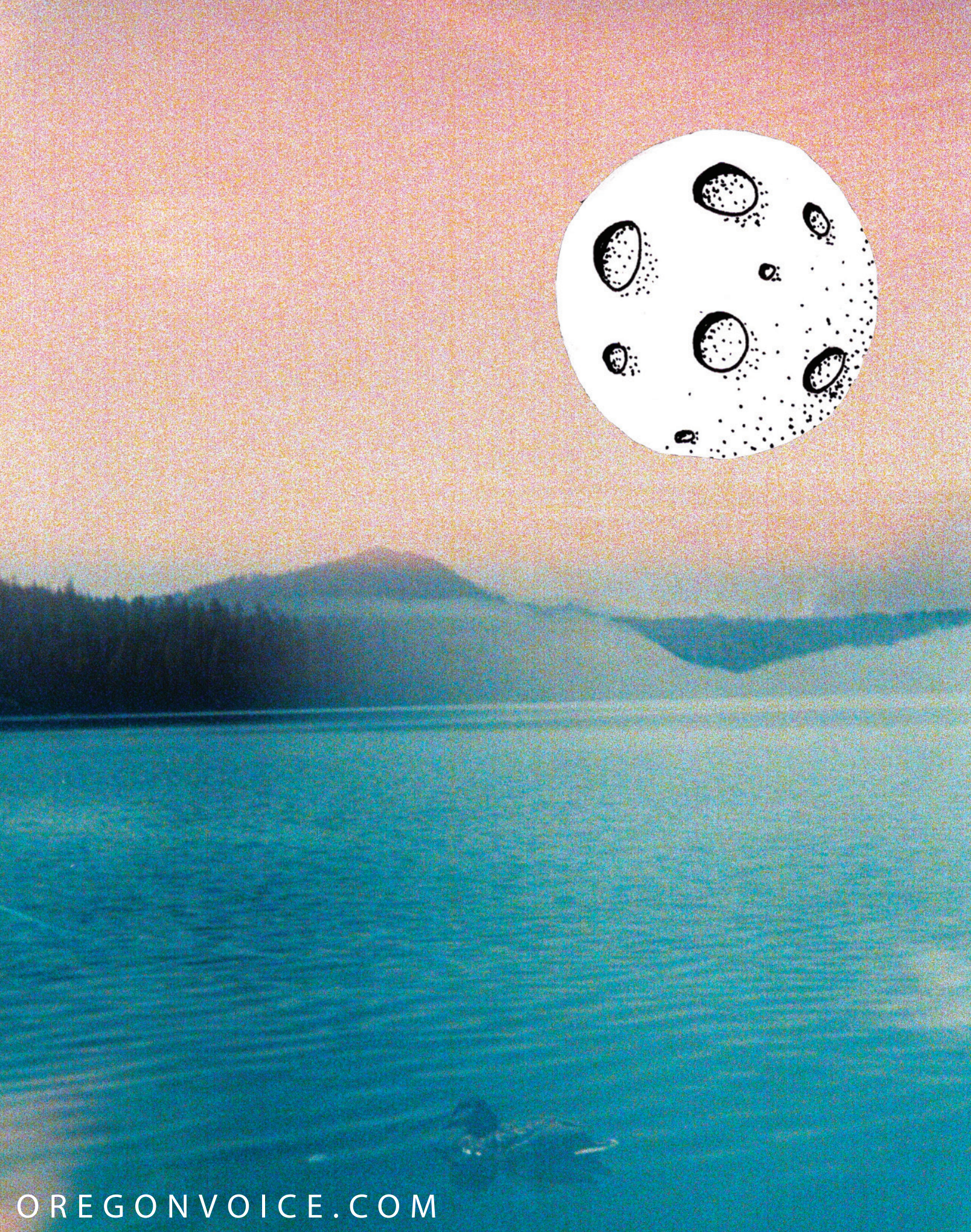


STEP 4 NOW FOR THE REAL SHIT: DIP THE NEEDLE INTO THE INK SO THAT IT BECOMES SOAKED UP BY THE THREAD BUT ISN'T DRIPPING EVERYWHERE. STRETCH THE SKIN TIGHTLY AND BEGIN STABBING ALONG THE LINES OF THE DRAWING. MAKE SURE YOU'RE PUSHING HARD ENOUGH THAT THE NEEDLE IS ACTUALY BREAKING THE SKIN. YOU ARE GOING TO NEED TO BE PATIENT, YOUR GOAL IS TO TURN ALL THOSE LITTLE DOTS YOU ARE MAKING INTO SOLID LINES. KEEP ON STABBING!

STEP 5 ONCE YOU ARE FINISHED, WASH THE NEWLY TATTED AREA WITH SOME WARM WATER + SOAP. IT SHOULD BE HEALED UP IN ABOUT A WEEK. ONCE ITS TOTALLY HEALED YOU CAN GET BACK IN THERE AND TRY TO FIX ALL THE PARTS YOU FUCKED UP.



THAT'S BASICALLY IT! PRETTY SIMPLE! ALL OF US HERE AT THE OREGON VOICE HAVE THE OV LOGO STICK AND POKED ON OUR ASSES, AND NOW YOU HAVE THE SKILLS TO JOIN THE CLUB! HAVE FUN! —JULIAN



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